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AND A HOST OF OTHERS!

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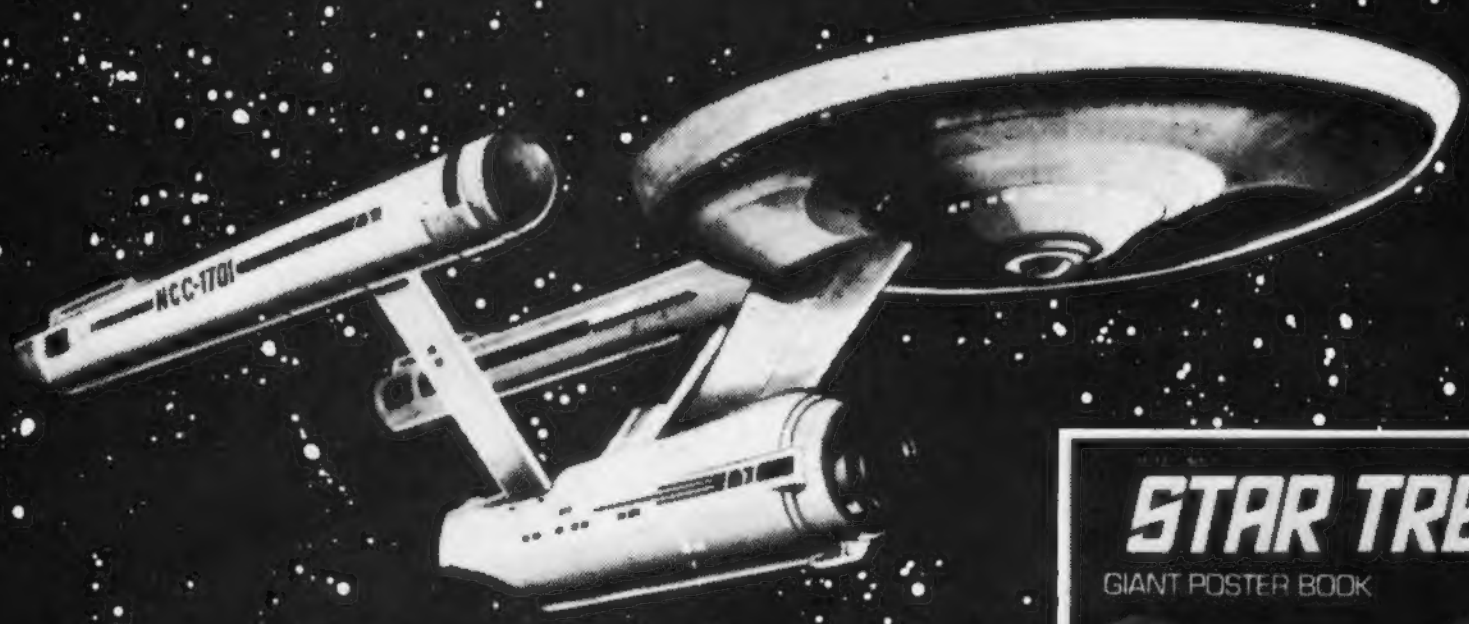

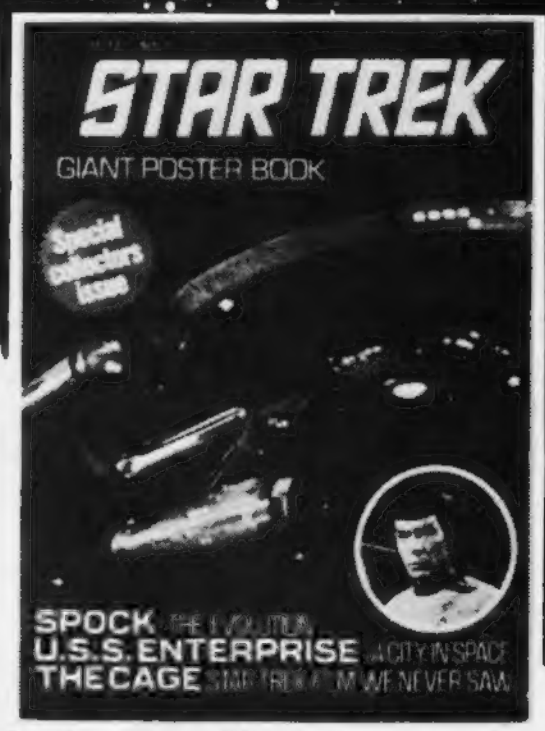

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GASM

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OR...

Here's another issue of GASM, fresh from the presses. Our first issue is already a collector's item all over the country, which reminds me of something I told our artists the other day. I called them all to the top floor of our vast publishing complex, poured them all drinks from the company, and said "Put lots of good looking girls in this book or your all fired!" The all got plenty nervous, you bet, but they did what I said, and here you are, another sexy issue of GASM.

P.S. I want to do a special on those trading cards called 'Mars attacks!' They were issued in the early sixties, and featured horrible Martians with giant brains destroying the earth. If anybody out there has a set, write or send them to me immediately! That's all for now.

JEFFREY GOODMAN
GASM Magazine
257 Park Ave. South 12th Floor
N.Y.C. N.Y. 10010

PROLOGUE

"HOW MUCH LONGER MUST WE WAIT BEFORE WE ARE FREE TO FULFILL OUR AMBITIONS? WE HAVE ALREADY WAITED A CONSIDERABLE TIME AND MY ANTICIPATION IS BECOMING ***UNBEARABLE.***"

"IT SHOULD NOT BE LONG NOW. WE MUST BE PATIENT. OUR ***CONTACT*** HAS ALREADY SENT AN EMMISSARY WITH A DEVICE TO FREE US FROM THIS ACCURSED PRISON."

"BEING ***HUMANOID***, IT HAS A VERY LIMITED LIFE SPAN. I TRUST THAT IT'S FRAIL ***BODY*** CAN EXIST FOR THE LENGTH OF TIME IT WILL TAKE TO REACH US."

"WHY MUST ***OUR*** DESTINY HANG UPON THE THIN THREAD OF THIS ***HUMANOID'S*** LIFE? IT IS A PITIFUL STATE INDEED WHEN THE FRUITION OF OUR GOAL MUST DEPEND UPON SUCH AN ***INADEQUATE*** BEING!"

"THIS WILL BE THE FIRST ***AND LAST*** TIME SUCH A SITUATION SHALL EVER ARISE. WHEN WE HAVE BEEN FREED, IT WILL BE THE ***HUMANOIDS'*** DESTINIES THAT WILL HANG UPON THE THREAD OF ***OUR*** WHIM. WITH ***TRAVION*** DEAD AND HIS INFERNAL PRISON GONE, NOTHING THAT REMAINS IS POWERFUL ENOUGH TO STOP US!"

IT IS STRANGE THAT A VIABLE SET OF CIRCUMSTANCES CAN THRUST TOGETHER TWO BEINGS FROM SUCH DIVERSE AND OPPOSING RACES.

DALAEN, AN AMBASSADOR FROM THE PLANET **KORBUN,** HAS AN UNOFFICIAL APPOINTMENT TO KEEP ON HIS HOMEWORLD.

KYRA, THE DAUGHTER OF A WEALTHY **MERCHANT,** NOW TRAVELS ABOARD HER FATHER'S FULLY AUTOMATED CARGO SHUTTLE AS ITS ONLY OTHER PASSENGER.

story- pencils
GARY WINNICK
story- inks
BRENT ANDERSON
lettering
TOM ORZECHOWSKI

KORBUN WORLD

©BY GARY WINNICK 1976

THEIR JOURNEY NOT HALF OVER, A SMALL CRAFT SLIPS OUT OF **STASIS** SPACE AND ATTACKS THEM FROM BEHIND.

DIRECT HIT!

OHHH... WHAT HAPPENED...?

THE THREE OCCUPANTS OF THE ATTACKING SHIP GLIDE SILENTLY TOWARD THE CRIPPLED SHUTTLE...

...AND GAIN **ACCESS** THROUGH AN AIRLOCK.

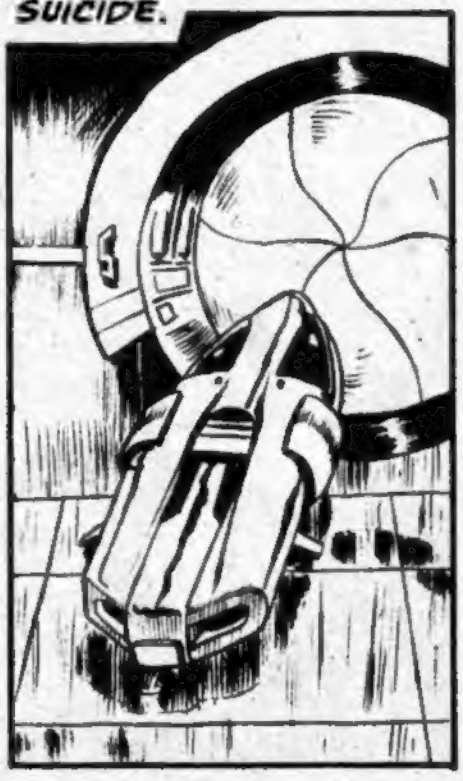
PIRATES!

KYRA IS DRAGGED TO A DARK CORNER WHERE SKUL'S LIPS CUT INTO HERS IN A VIOLENT KISS. AS HE THROWS HER TO THE DECK, HE RIPS HER GARMENT AND SAVAGELY SATISFIES HIS APPETITE.

IT SEEMS LIKE AN ETERNITY BEFORE KYRA HEARS RECEDING FOOTSTEPS FOLLOWED BY THE CLANG OF THE AIRLOCK DOOR. SHE KNOWS THE PIRATES ARE GONE.

RETURNING TO DALAEN'S INERT FIGURE, KYRA DRAGS HIM THROUGH THE CORRIDORS OF THE CRIPPLED SHIP TO THE HANGER DECK.

FINDING A LONE LIFEBOAT IN ITS BERTH, THE ABASHED GIRL PULLS THE WOUNDED AMBASSADOR ABOARD. NEITHER KNOWS THE FUNDAMENTALS OF NAVIGATION IN SPACE, BUT TO REMAIN ABOARD THE SHUTTLE IS SUICIDE.



SOMETIME LATER, WITH PROVISIONS AND FUEL RUNNING LOW, **KYRA** DETECTS A MASSIVE ENERGY SOURCE.

SENSORS ARE PICKING UP SOMETHING OUT THERE.

AS THEIR SMALL CRAFT GLIDES CLOSER, AN ALIEN WARSHIP **LOOMS** INTO VIEW.

WHEN THEIR SCANNERS REPORT HABITABLE LIFE-SUPPORT SYSTEMS WITHIN THE MYSTERIOUS VESSEL, **KYRA** AND **DALAEN** PREPARE TO BOARD.

THE DOCKING AIRLOCK SEAL IS A ***PERFECT*** FIT. AIR AND LIFE SUPPORT ARE FUNCTIONING.

LET'S GO ACROSS.

KYRA, COME LOOK AT THIS. IT ***SEEMS*** TO HAVE A LIFE OF ITS OWN.

THIS MACHINERY LOOKS ***FAMILIAR*** TO ME SOMEHOW. I'D WAGER I COULD PILOT THIS CRAFT...

NOW I *KNOW* I HAVEN'T SAID MUCH ABOUT *GASM* UP TO *NOW*—WHAT WITH *PETE* AND *ME* GETTING *FALSELY ACCUSED* OF PALING IT WITH THE NATIVES AND THEN OUR SUBSEQUENT, THOUGH SOMEWHAT SLOPPY *ESCAPE* FROM *HERB'S* ORBITING *SCOUT SHIP.*

BUT THEN I REALLY DIDN'T KNOW THAT MUCH ABOUT THE LASS. AT LEAST NOT UNTIL SHE *HELPED* ME *PATCH* UP SOME *HOLES* AND *BROKEN RIBS* IN PETE.

THAT HAD TAKEN *MOST* OF THE NIGHT. TOWARDS MORNING *GASM* AND I HAD A FEW MOMENTS OF *PEACE* IN WHICH I FOUND OUT THAT *HER TRIBE* WAS *NEAR-BY* AND THAT THEY'D *WELCOME* US TO LIVE WITH 'EM. THE CATCH WAS THAT THIS WAS THE *CHANGE* OF THE *FOURTH SEASON* AND HER PEOPLE WERE MOVING *SOUTH* FOR THEIR WINTER. WE'D HAVE TO CATCH UP WITH 'EM.

IT WAS ABOUT *DAWN* WHEN I *HEARD* THE *LOW WHINE OF ATOMIC POWERED ROBOTS.* I COUNTED *FOUR*—*THREE MORE* THAN WERE *NEEDED TO TAKE CARE OF US* WITH THE *WEAPONS* I WAS SURE THEY CARRIED.

I HAD SEEN THE *LITTLE LADY* IN *ACTION* AND WAS *QUITE IMPRESSED* WITH HER *STRENGTH* AND *SPEED* SO I BEGAN EXPLAINING JUST WHAT I NEEDED HER TO DO.

THEY'LL BE COMING OVER THAT RIDGE, GIRL. TRY TO *KNOCK 'EM OUT* IF YOU CAN —*BUT MAINLY*—TRY TO DRAW 'EM *AWAY FROM PETE.* OK?

YES, BERT.

GASM

I SUPPOSE IT WAS IGNORANCE ON HER PART—BUT WHEN I SAW THOSE ***FOUR TIN-PLATED BOUNTY HUNTERS*** I WAS ***SCARED*** MORE THAN I'D BEEN SINCE 2000—***THE YEAR I DIED. GASM*** JUST TOOK A ***DEEP*** BREATH.

دهشت

I SUPPOSE IT WAS IGNORANCE ON HER PART—BUT WHEN I SAW THOSE ***FOUR TIN-PLATED BOUNTY HUNTERS*** I WAS ***SCARED*** MORE THAN I'D BEEN SINCE 2000—***THE YEAR I DIED. GASM*** JUST TOOK A ***DEEP*** BREATH.

GET 'EM GIRL!

ONE...

WA-BOOM!

BLAM!

Wac!

BERT! WHAT THE HELL HAVE YOU AND GASH BEEN UP TO? WHAT WERE THOSE EXPLOSIONS?

JUST A SPACE SHIP BACK FIRING, PETE. NOT TO WORRY.

ANYWAY, CHECK-OUT TIME IS DAWN AROUND HERE— LET'S MAKE TRACKS.

ZIMMMM!

AIIEE !!

I *KNEW* I HEARD A SCREAM!

PETE THERE'S TWO *BUTS* DOWN THERE— LET'S NOT *TEMPT FATE.*

SENDING THAT *GIRL* DOWN THERE WAS *YOUR* IDEA— *WASN'T IT?* SOMETIMES, BERT, I FIND IT HARD TO *BELIEVE* THAT YOU WERE *EVER HUMAN!*

WHAT ARE THOSE BASTARDS DOING?

TRYING TO MOVE HER.

RIGHT. YOU STAY HERE AND WATCH IF YOU WANT BUT I'M GOING DOWN THERE.

WAIT— PETE— WHAT'S THAT?

UNNHHH—

SOMEBODY PULLED YOUR FAT OUT OF THE FIRE THAT TIME BERT.

HANDY ***CREATURE***— I JUST HOPE IT DOESN'T TRY THE ***SAME TRICK*** WITH ***ME.***

BABY— ARE YOU ***ALRIGHT?***

UH-HUH— PETE I ALMOST RETURNED TO THE SOIL. ***YOU SAVED ME!***

SORRY— I CAN'T TAKE THE CREDIT.

BUT SOMEBODY HAD TO THROW—

CAN IT, BERT!

PETE AND GASM HIT IT OFF REAL WELL THE NEXT SEVERAL DAYS, AS WE TRACKED GASM'S TRIBE, THEY GOT *CHUMMIER* AND *CHUMMIER*.

UNFORTUNATELY WE WEREN'T MAKING VERY GOOD TIME. GASM HADN'T COUNTED ON PETE SLOWING US UP SO HER *TRIBE* *CONSTANTLY* *WIDENED* THE *GAP* BETWEEN US.

GASM IS THERE SOME WAY WE COULD TAKE A *SHORTER ROUTE*?

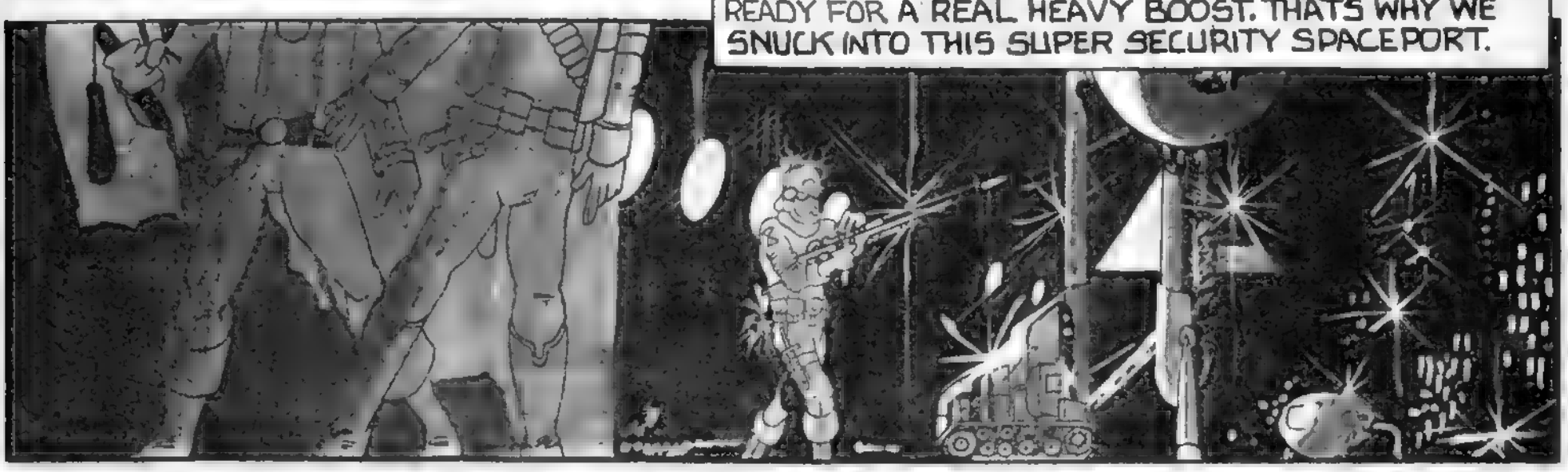
WELL—YES— BUT WE WOULD HAVE TO *CROSS* THE *ICE MOUNTAINS*.

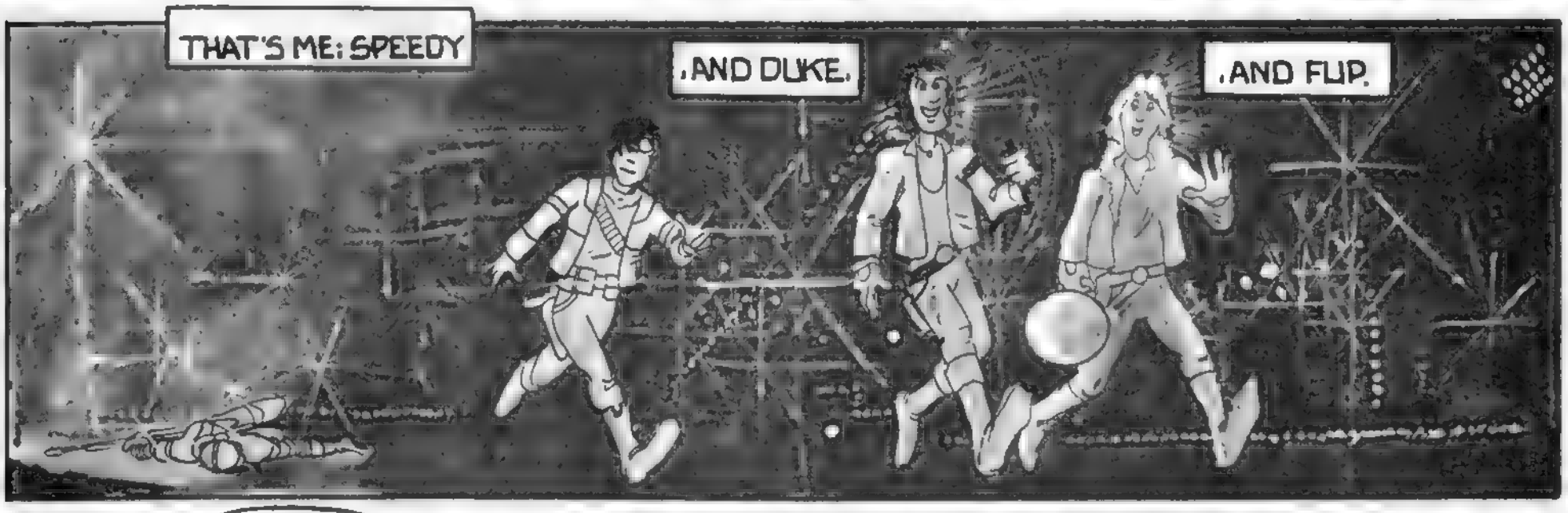
TO BE CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE

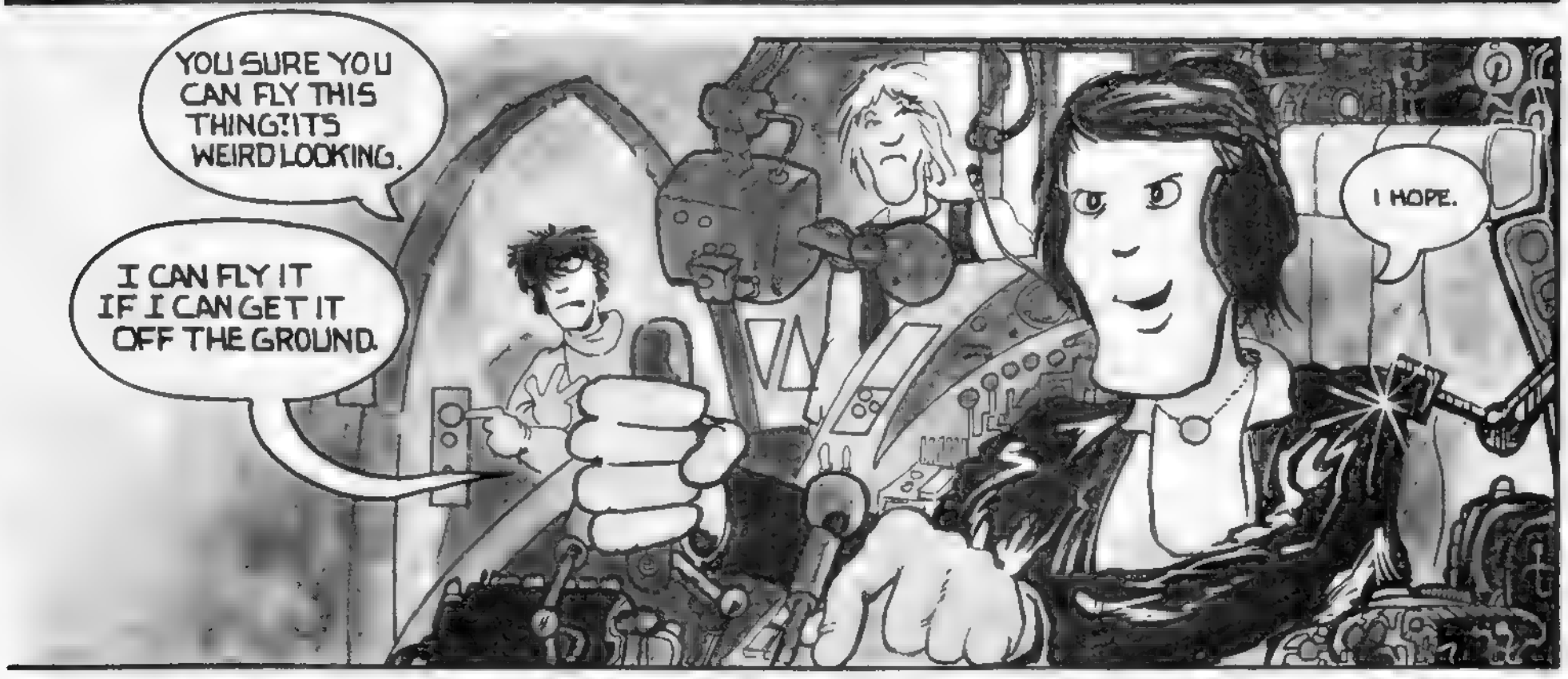
KILLING TIME

WITH SPEEDY, FLIP... AND DUKE

By CHARLES DIXON—


SURE WE'D STOLEN SPACESHIPS BEFORE. IT'S KID'S STUFF. BUT DUKE SAID WE WERE BIG BOY'S NOW AND READY FOR A REAL HEAVY BOOST. THATS WHY WE SNUCK INTO THIS SUPER SECURITY SPACEPORT.





DUKE GOT US OFF THE GROUND ALL RIGHT. BUT AS WE JUMPED INTO THE STRATOSPHERE...

WHAT THE HELL...?

WE MUST HAVE MADE A JUMP INTO HYPER-SPACE!

EVERYTHING WENT BLANK!

WAIT... WE'RE FADING BACK IN...

SO WHERE ARE WE DUKE?

I DUNNO FLIP...

I THINK IT'S MORE LIKE WHEN ARE WE...

HUH?

GOD... DAMN!

WHAT IS IT?

WE STOLE A FUCKIN' TIME MACHINE!

WHA-?... HEH HEH. HEH. HA HA HA!

HEE HEE HEE HEE HEE WHOOO...

WE SCREWED AROUND WHERE WE WERE FOR AWHILE. TIL WE COULD DECIDE WHAT TO DO.

GOT 'IM!

HOLD IT RIGHT THERE.

HEY WHAT'S THAT?

LOOKS LIKE ANOTHER SHIP BUT DON'T ASK ME HOW IT GOT HERE.

IT'S GOT TO BE AN-OTHER TIME MACHINE.

I THINK THEY'RE TRYING TO TELL US SOMETHING.

MOVE YOUR ASS SPEEDY!

I'M MOVIN' I'M MOVIN'!

CLOSE THE HATCH AND HANG ON TO SOMETHING

RIGHT.

HA! GOT OUR FIELD UP JUST IN TIME.

HOLD ON GUYS WERE JUMPING...

...NOW..

WHEW...

HOO-HA! LEFT 'EM STANDING STILL!

WHERE TO NOW DUKE?

ANYWHERE FLIP WE'VE GOT ALL THE TIME IN THE WORLD.

OUR ONLY PROBLEM WAS THAT DUKE WASN'T EXPIERENCED ENOUGH TO STEER US TO A PRE-DETERMINED PLACE IN TIME SO IT WAS SORT OF HIT OR MISS

LOOK! MEN ON HORSES!

WHO ARE THEY?

I DUNNO. MAYBE INDIANS.

BUT THEY SURE AIN'T FRIENDLY.

SHEEE...IT! THESE RIFLES WE GOT OFF THE SHIP MUST CARRY EXPLOSIVE CARTRIDGES

C'MON YOU GUYS!

GET A LOAD OF SOME OF THIS GREAT STUFF!

WHERE TO NOW?

THE PAST? THE FUTURE?

HMMMM...

HOW 'BOUT FORWARD A LITTLE WHILE?

SOUNDS GREAT LET'S FINISH EATIN' AND WARP OUTTA HERE.

AND WHEN WE GET WHERE WE'RE GOING THE DRINKS ARE ON ME.

SO OFF WE ZOOMED FOR..

...A FEW QUIET DAYS IN OLD MEXICO.

HEY SENORS YOU BUY PACO A DRINK MAYBE? SI? EH?

MAYBE YOU BUY US ALL A DRINK... AFTER YOU HAND OVER YOUR GUNS

JUST TO BE FRIENDLY, EH GRINGOS?

NO WAY PACO

ALL RIGHT! JUST LIKE CLINT EASTWOOD.

NOT QUITE.

CLINT EASTWOOD NEVER HAD ONE OF THESE BABIES

WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE?

I THINK SOMEONE HAS IT IN FOR US... BAD

WE HEADED INTO THE PAST AND LANDED BETWEEN TWO CITIES. THEY WERE KINDA ANCIENT BUT IT WAS AS GOOD A PLACE AS ANY

IN FACT IT WAS BETTER THAN MOST. THE GIRLS WERE BEAUTIFUL AND WITH SOME JUNK WE HAD ON BOARD WE ALL HAD MORE THAN WE NEEDED TO TRADE

WELL GUYS I'M FOR LEAVING HERE WHILE I CAN STILL WALK.

GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT.

OOOOOH

MMMMMMMM WISH YOU COULD GO WITH US. WHO KNOWS? MAYBE WE'LL COME BACK.

JEEEEEZ. I PROBABLY WON'T PEE STRAIGHT...

...FOR A MONTH.

WE SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER THAN TO SPEND THREE DAYS IN ONE PLACE.

FFFFFF....

HIDE YOUR ASS!!

WE'LL FLANK 'EM SPEEDY YOU FOL-LOW ME.

COVER US FLIP.

C'MON!

C'MON OUT SWEETY

DAMN! THEY'RE ALL OVER US!

SHHHIT!

KEEP AN EYE OUT FOR MORE 'BOTS.

ROBOTS! THEY WERE...

OKAY. OKAY.

REAL CALM LET'S HEAD BACK

DO YOU THINK THEY HAVE A SHIP HERE?

THEY DAMN SURE DIDN'T WALK.

BUT WHAT DO...

I'LL THINK OF SOME-THING!

THE HATCH IS SHUT!

LET'S MOVE OUT!

WHOOOAH!

WE'VE GOT ONE MOVE LEFT...

MAYBE.

YOWW! LOOK AT THE SIZE OF THAT MONS-TER DUKE!

I SEE IT! I SEE IT!

NOW HANG ON!!!

WE GOTTA GET OVER TOP OF 'EM...

...AND HOPE IM DOING THE RIGHT THING.

HERE GOES...

HOLD ON TIGHT WE'RE RIDING OUT A BIG ONE!

THE PLACE IS TOTALLED! BOTH CITIES!

WHHHAT?

THE BOMB MUSTVE SET OFF SOME REACTION.

WE'D BETTER CLEAR OUT BE-FORE THE RAD-IATION ROASTS US!

RIGHT!

SO WE'RE ON THE RUN... AND WE DON'T EVEN KNOW WHO FROM. BUT THERE'S A LOT OF HIDING PLACES...

CHARLES DIXON

... AND A LOT OF TIME TO KILL.

THE END

Running hard, fleeing madly across the ether. Klauz has a nasty cosmic storm close upon his heels.

What a terribly inconvenient time for a primary fuse to blow with no replacements available. Wouldn't you say?

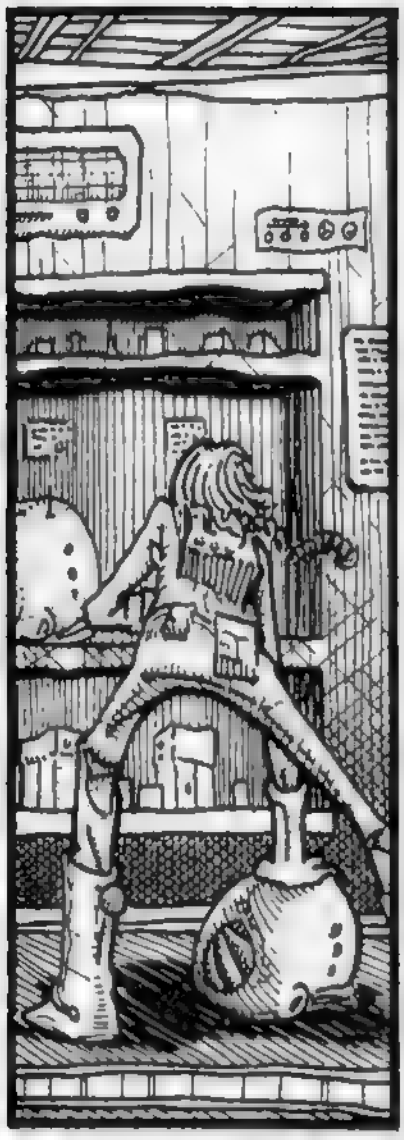
THUSH

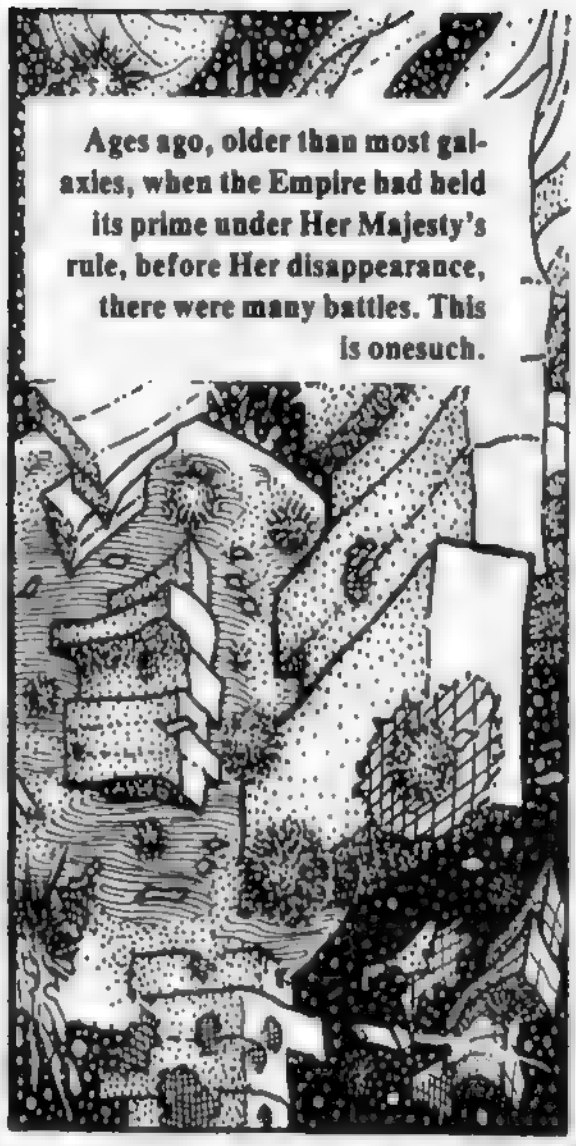
For the unfortunate, an allowance of some luck.

Sargasso . . .

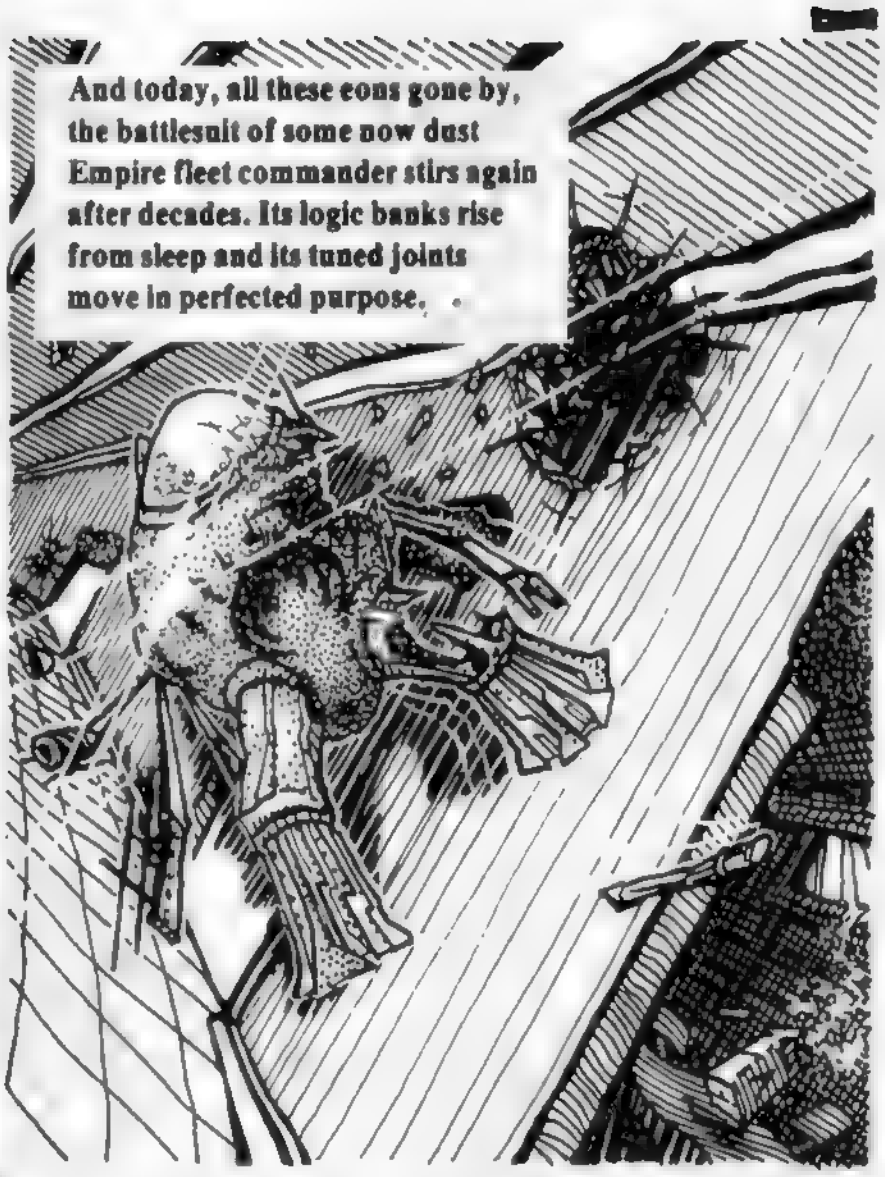
WAR MIND

Textes et dessins de Matt Howarth

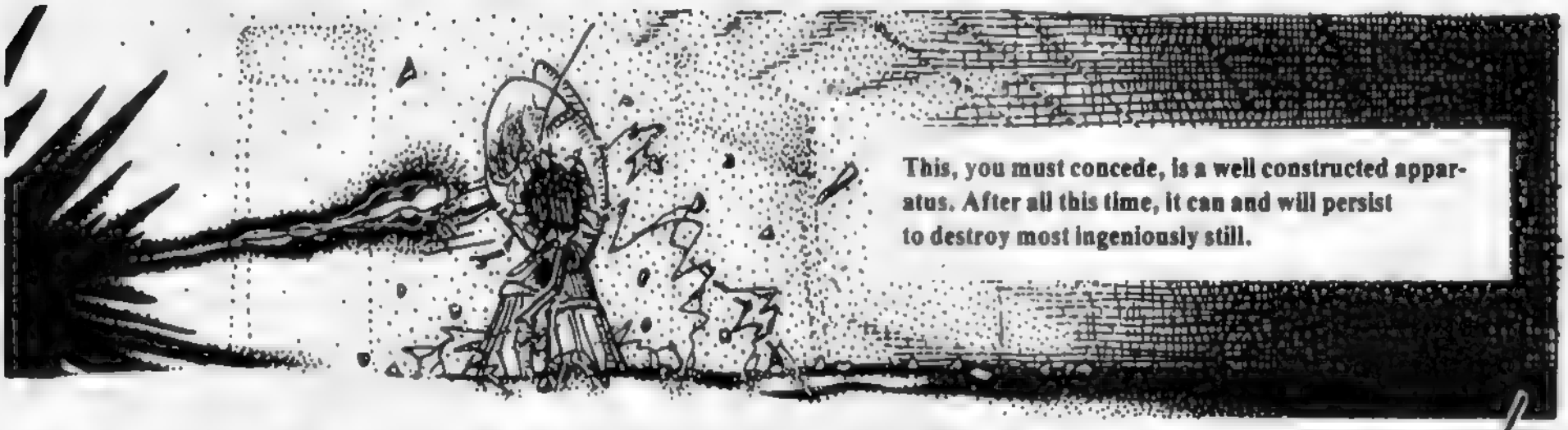




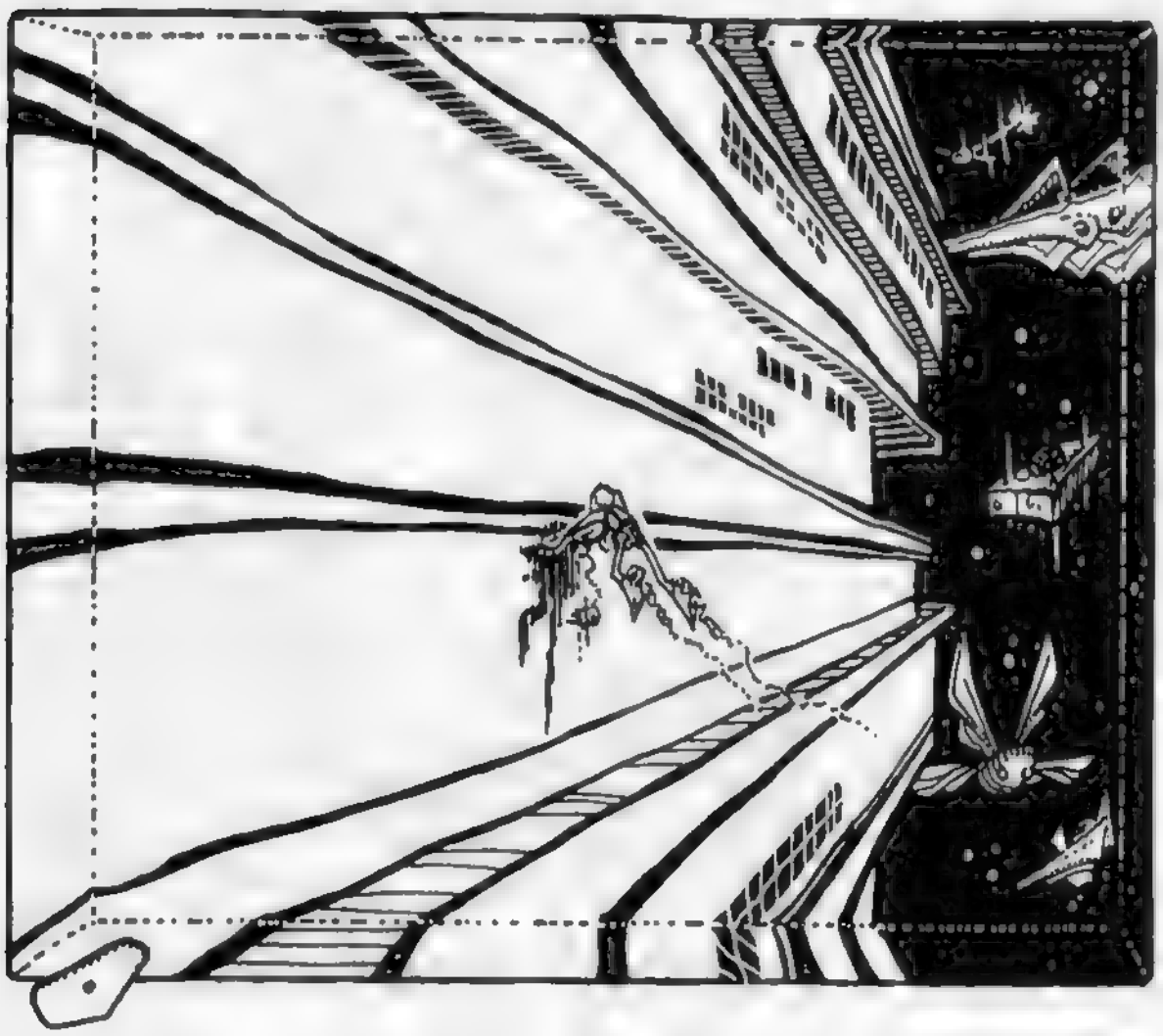
Ages ago, older than most galaxies, when the Empire had held its prime under Her Majesty's rule, before Her disappearance, there were many battles. This is onesuch.

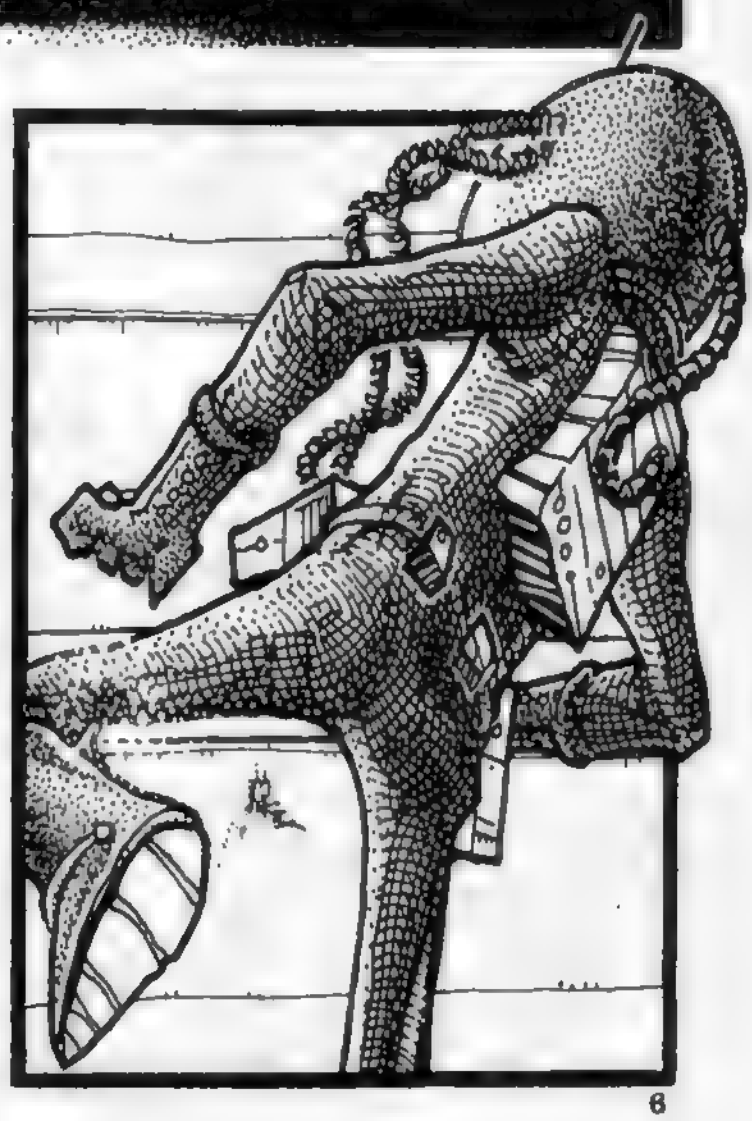


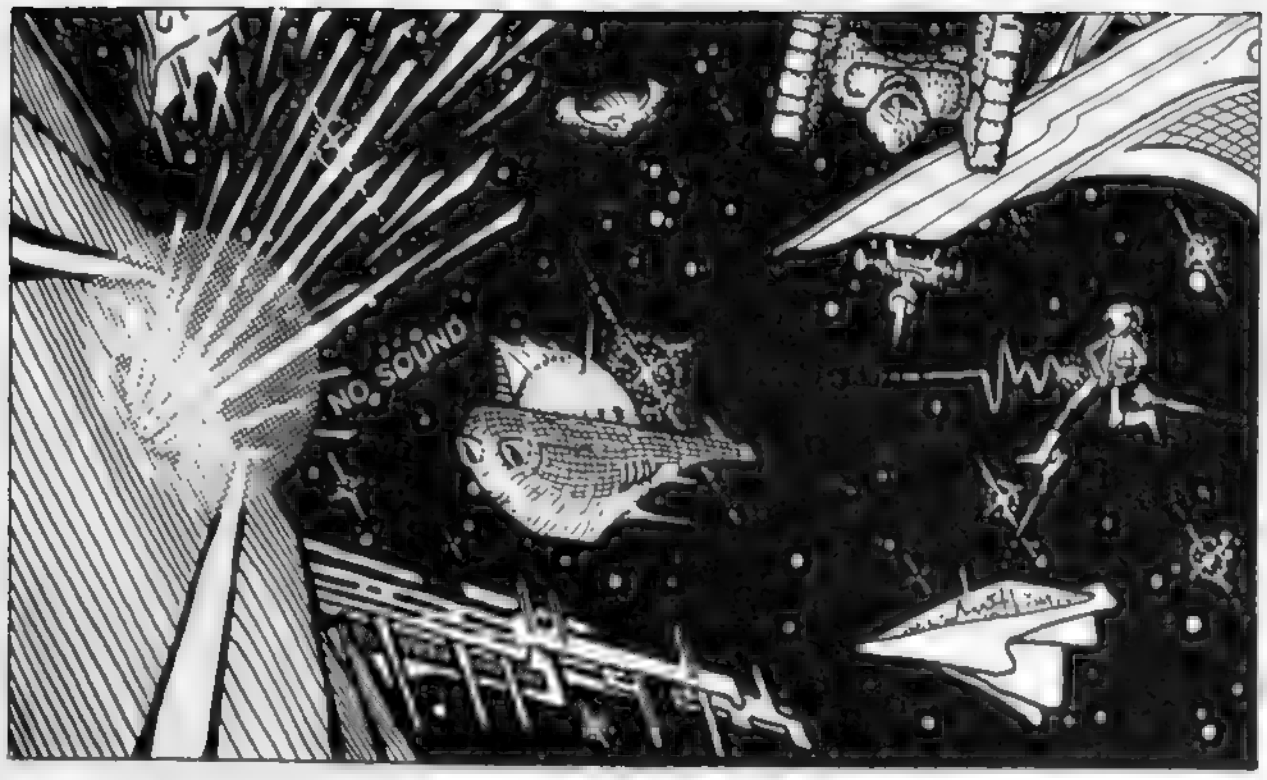
And today, all these eons gone by, the battlesuit of some now dust Empire fleet commander stirs again after decades. Its logic banks rise from sleep and its tuned joints move in perfected purpose.

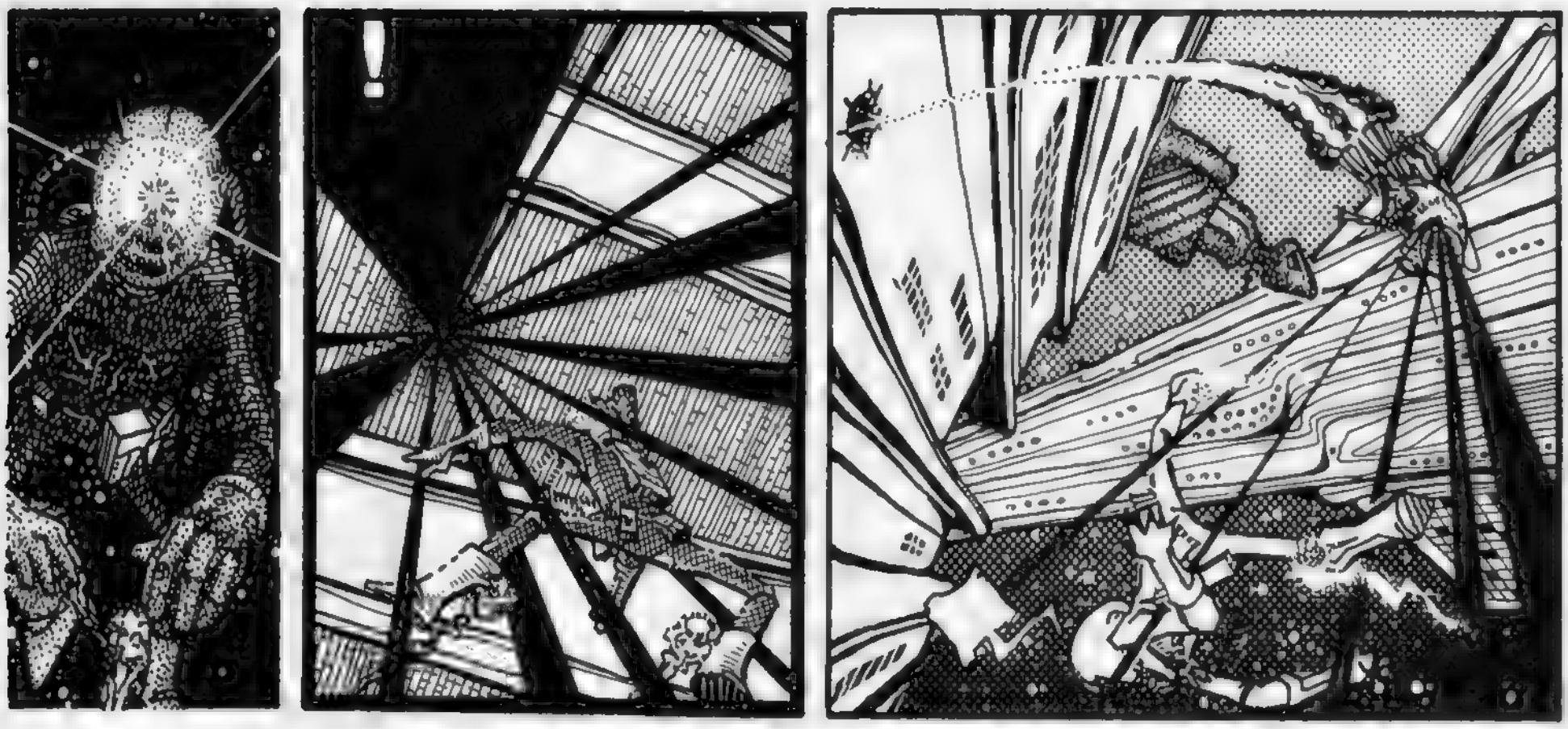


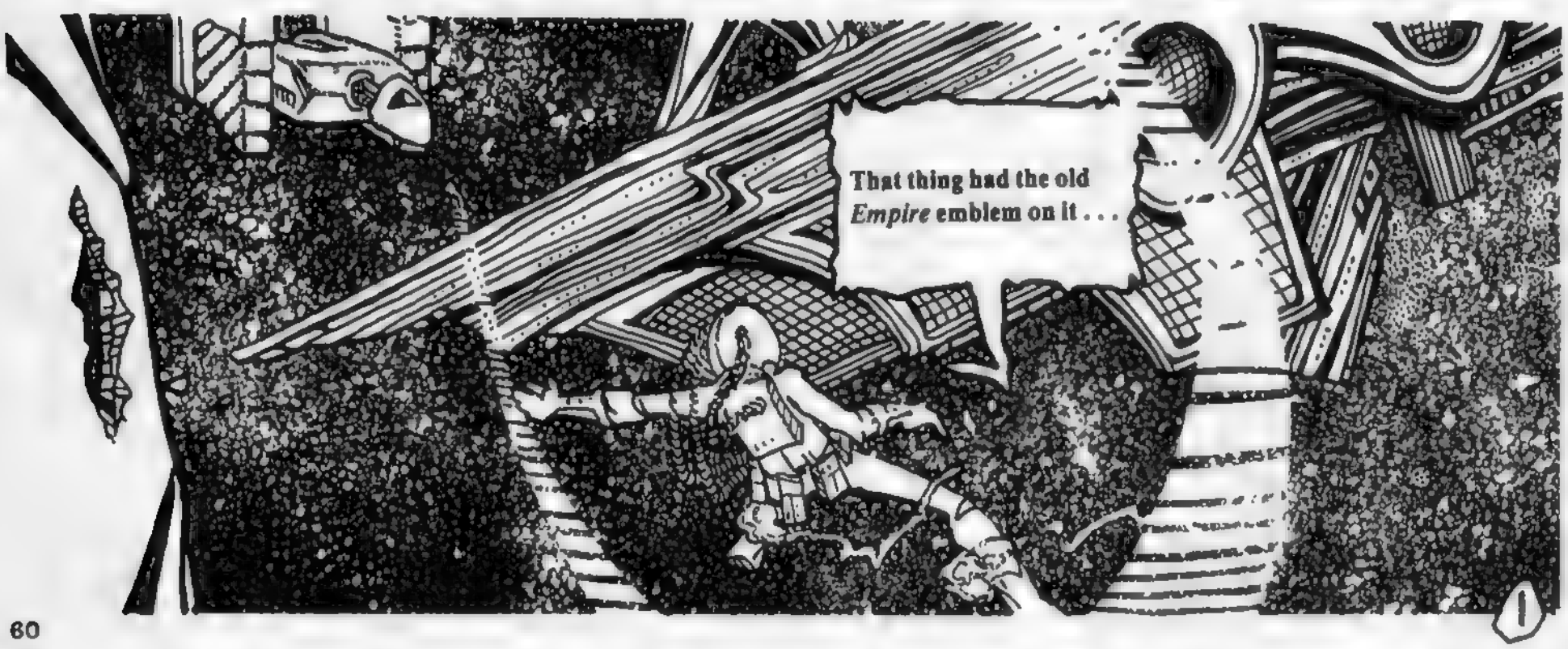
This, you must concede, is a well constructed apparatus. After all this time, it can and will persist to destroy most ingeniously still.






NO SOUND




That thing had the old *Empire* emblem on it . . .

FISSION

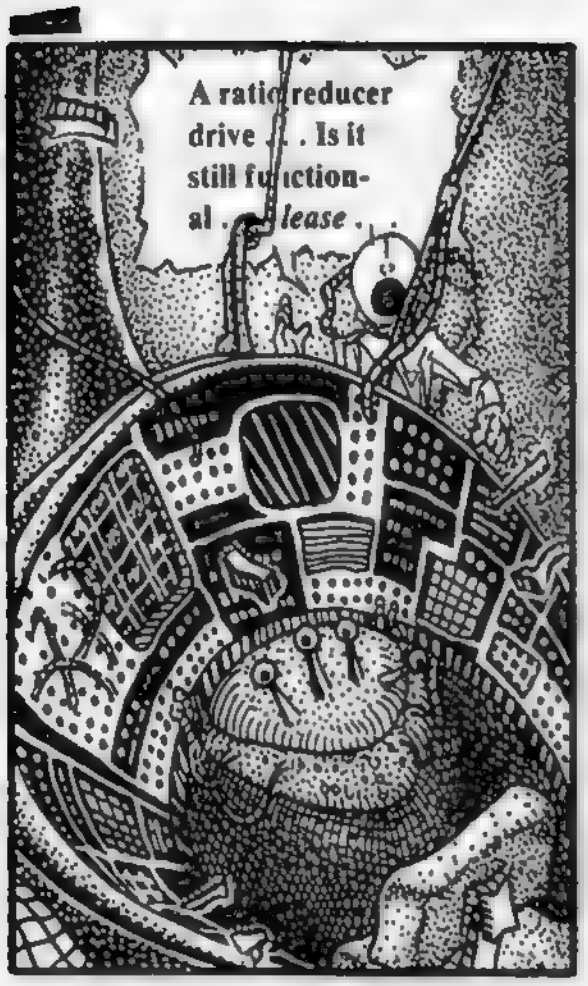
My God, it *was* an Empire emblem! How in 7 days in hell —

Maybe I lost it . . . haven't much time though. What can I do . . . what do I know? ——

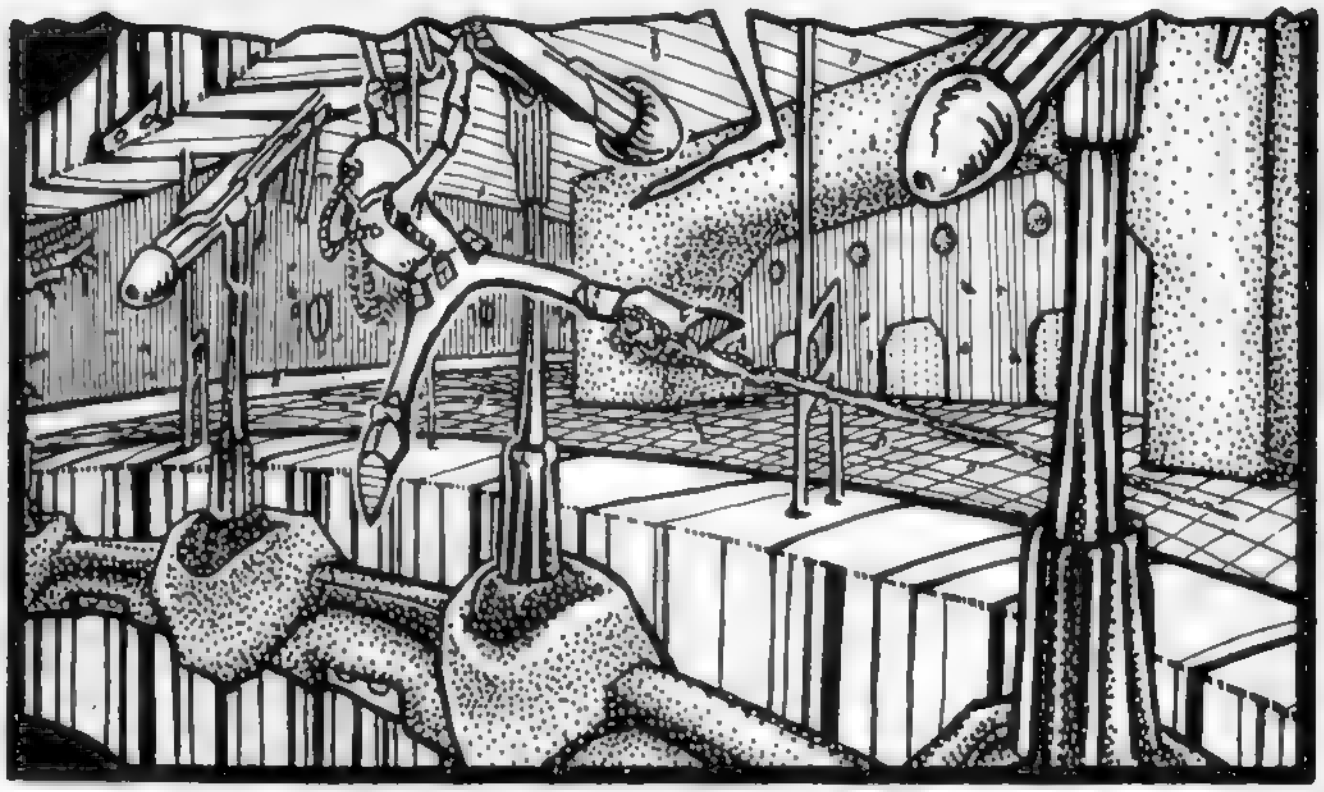
The Empire's been dead for ages, I barely can recall much else . . . They were the bad guys?

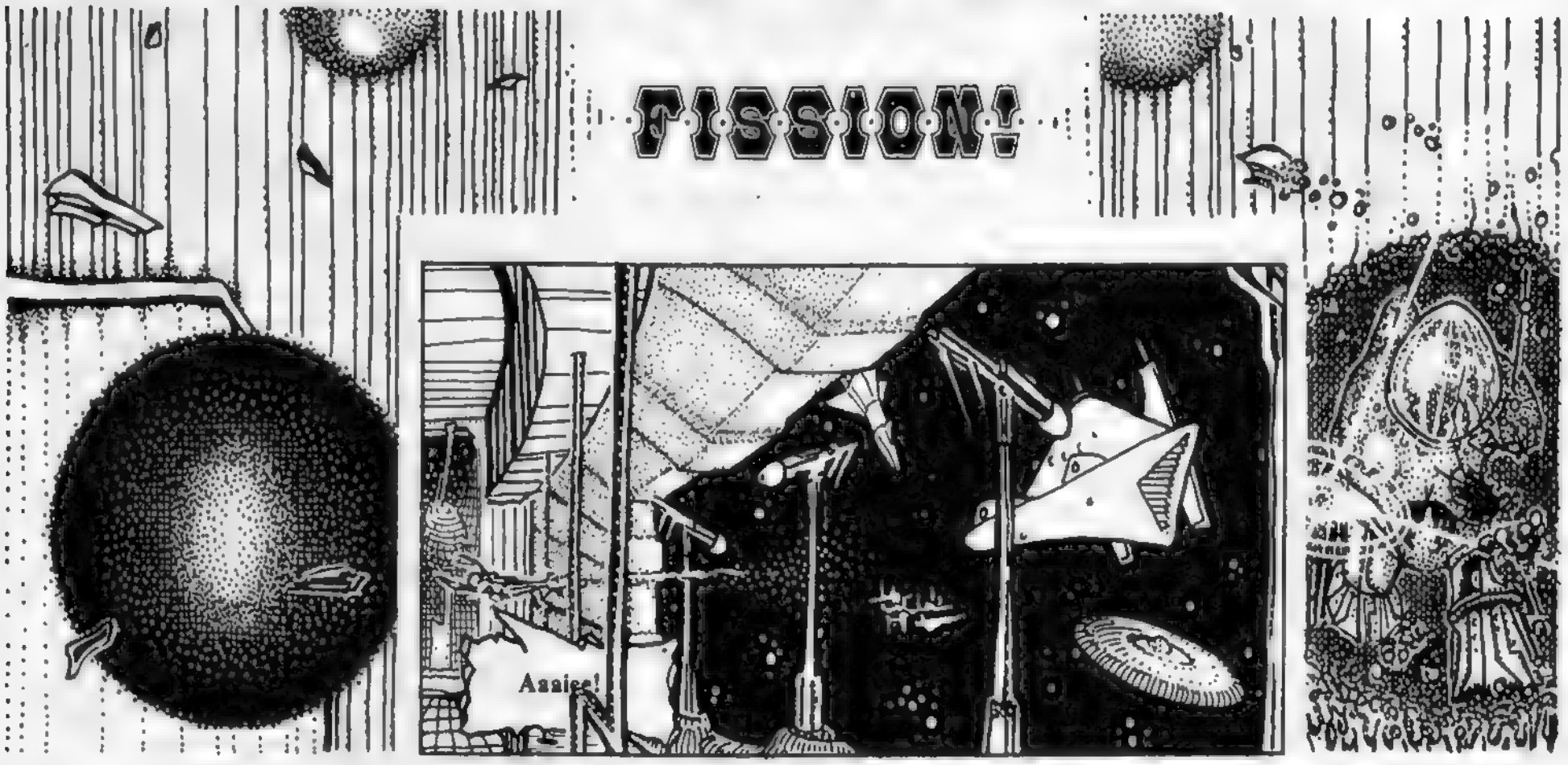
Of course, *of course* they were the bad guys.

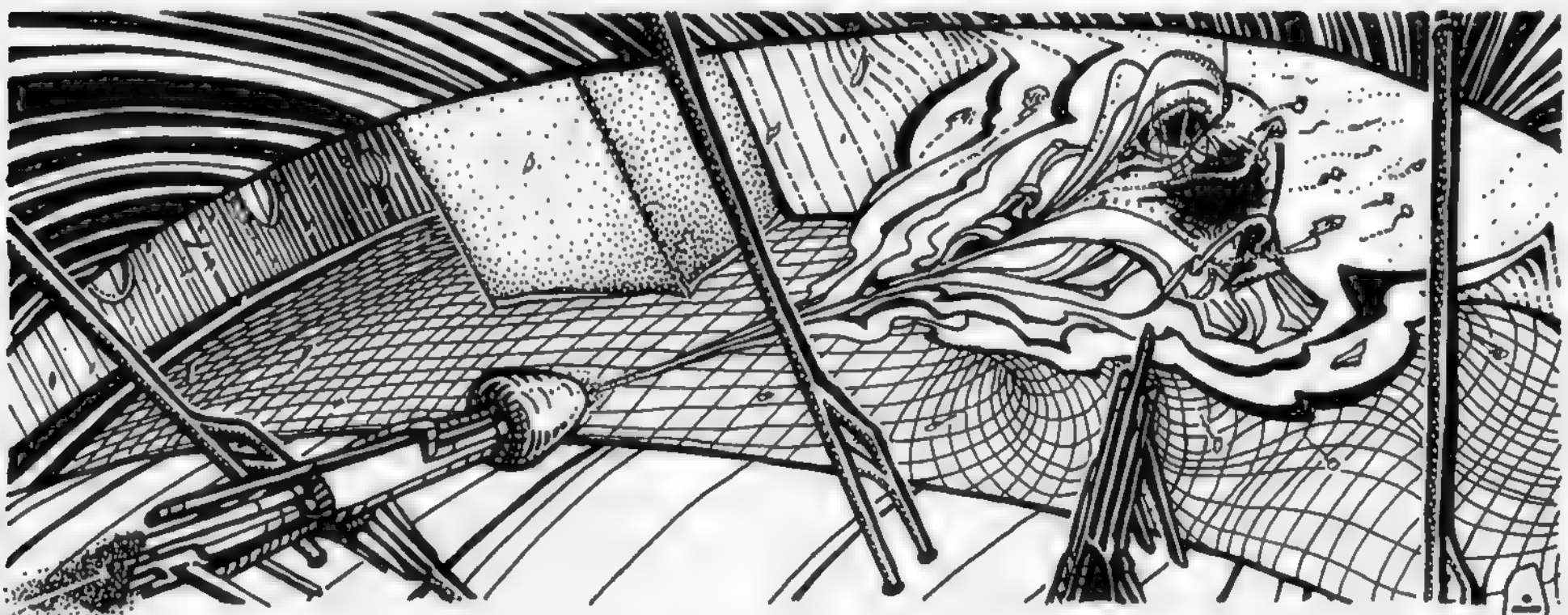
Godamn, those bastards built to last. Damn.



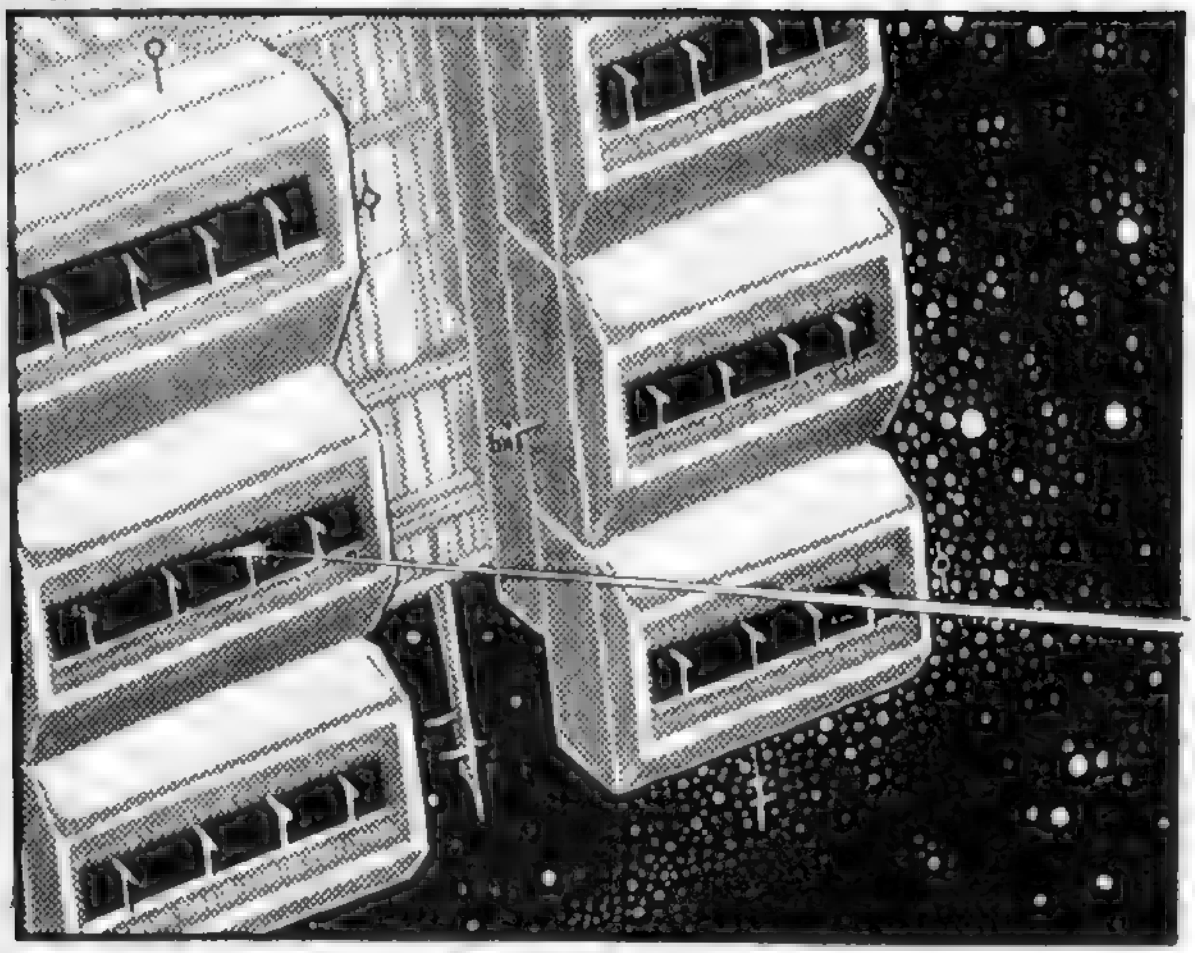
If I recall correctly, the direct effect of a single pulse field reduces a mass to one dimension . . . I hope. Who would think a textbook technique could —

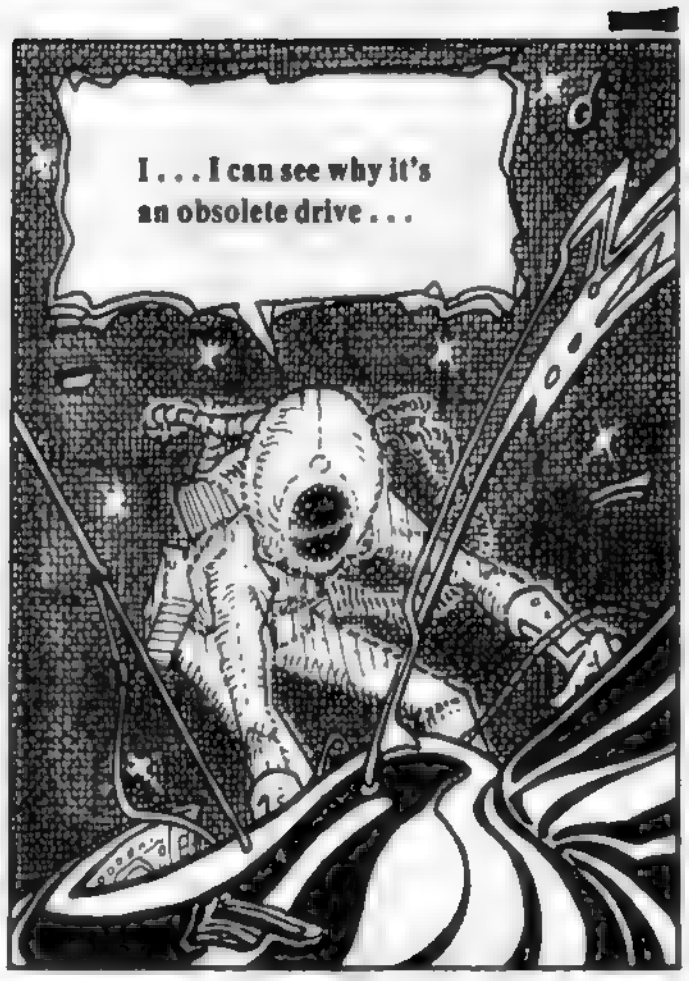


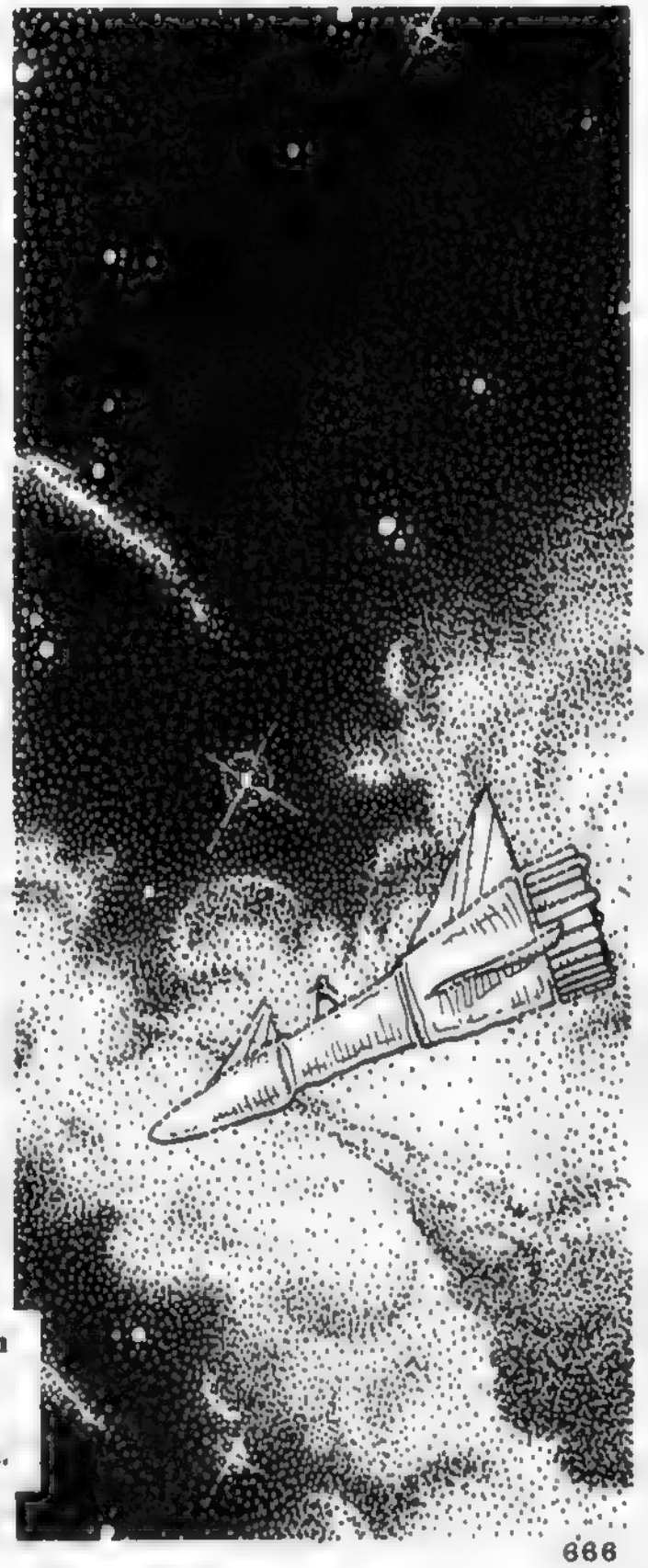




the end







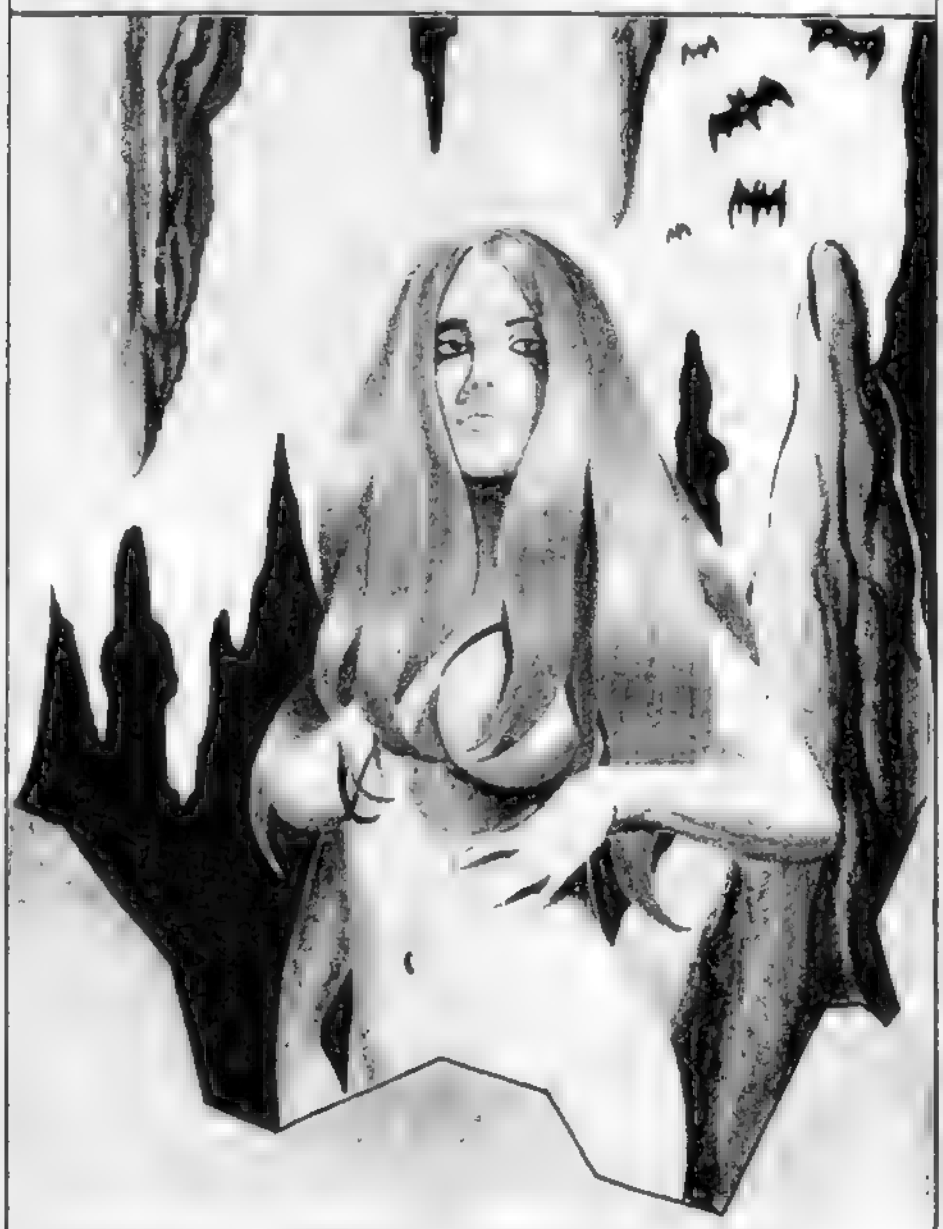
Perhaps Klauz's luck will turn now to his salvation, and he may live to learn of other days. You'd like to think that.

HI! I'M **CASSANDRA**. THE LOCAL POPULACE HAVE DUBBED MY OCCUPATION AS ***SORCERY!*** I'M A LITTLE MISCHEVIOUS MAYBE, BUT ***NOT*** EVIL! ANYWAY, I'VE DECIDED TO STAY AWHILE AND INTRODUCE YOU READERS, INTO THE ***BIZARRE*** AND FASCINATING REALM OF THE ***PRETERNATURAL,*** THE ***ETHEREAL,*** AND THE DELIGHTFULLY MAKE-BELIEVE WORLD OF ***FANTASY*** AND ***MYTH***. THE VOLUPTUOUS ***VIXENS*** YOU ARE ABOUT TO MEET WERE KNOWN AGES AGO AS.....

Nymphs

©BOBB/∴ '77

THOUSANDS OF YEARS AGO, AND EVEN POSSIBLY TODAY, *NYMPHS* DWELLED THROUGHOUT THE WORLD! *NYMPHS* WERE *EARNEST* AND *VOLUPTUOUS* YOUNG WOMEN, MANY OF WHOM WERE *IMMORTAL!*



HESIOD NUMBERED THEM AT 3,000! THESE BEAUTIFUL MAIDENS WERE *OMNI-PRESENT*. *NYMPHS* OF THE MOUNTAINS AND CAVES WERE KNOWN AS *OREADS*.

NYMPHS OF THE GROVES WERE CALLED ***ALSEIDS***. SPRITES OF THE GLENS WERE KNOWN AS ***NAPAEAE***; AND ***DRYADS***, OR ***HAMADRYADS***, DWELLED IN TREES, WITHOUT BEING SEEN, AND DIED WITH THEM!

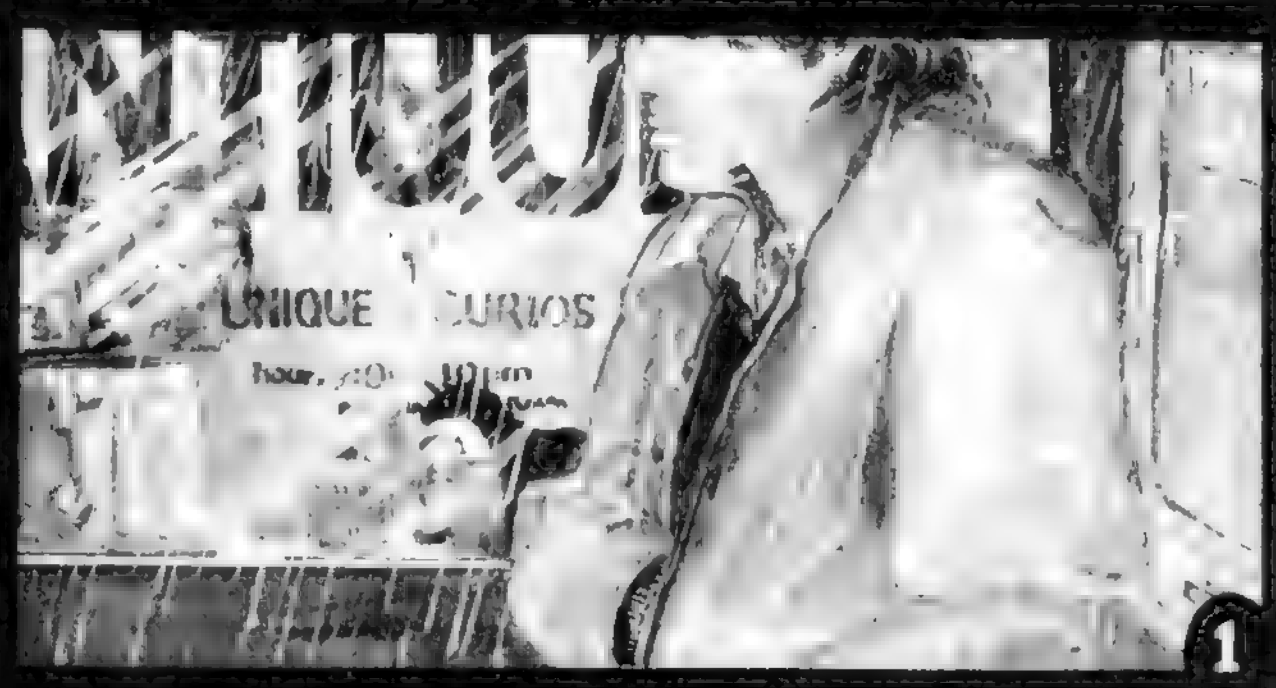
NYMPHS WHO PRESIDED OVER THE SEAS AND OCEANS WERE CALLED *NEREIDS* AND *OCEANIDS*. *NYMPHS* OF THE LAKES, STREAMS, AND RIVERS WERE CALLED *NAIADS*.

AS MENTIONED EARLIER, SOME *NYMPHS* WERE IMMORTAL, BUT *PLUTARCH* SAID SOME LIVED OVER 9,720 YEARS. THE ANCIENTS MADE THEM OFFERINGS OF HONEY, OLIVE OIL, AND MILK. THESE *BUXOM* AND *LASCIVIOUS* CREATURES WERE MINOR GODDESSES BUT NO TEMPLES WERE ERECTED IN THEIR HONOR.

GLIMPSING THESE SEDUCTIVE SIRENS COULD CAUSE BLINDNESS, AND IF THESE ELUSIVE BEAUTIES WERE SEEN NAKED, THE BEHOLDER *DIED!* NEXT TO *FAIRIES*, *NYMPHS* WERE THE MOST NUMEROUS SUPERNATURAL FOLK.

SO, FELLAS, IF YOU FIND YOURSELF CRANING YOUR NECK TO *CHECK OUT* A SWEET YOUNG THING SOMEDAY, BE *SURE* THE CHICK ISN'T A *NYMPH* IN DISGUISE. BECAUSE YOU JUST MIGHT DROP DEAD OF EXCITEMENT! SO, LIKE MY AUNT *LILITH* USED TO SAY, *TO BE FOREWARNED IS TO BE FOREARMED!*

the jar



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23
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5

to be continued—

MORE THAN HALF AN EARTH-YEAR LATER, ON A LAWLESS REFUGE PLANET, BRIGANDS AND CUTTHROATS CAROUSE AMID THE RUINS OF A FALLEN ALIEN CIVILIZATION... A CIVILIZATION SUPPOSEDLY RICH IN WEALTH. TREASURE-SEEKING HOPEFULS FROM ALL CORNERS OF THE GALAXY COME TO SIFT THROUGH THE PLANET-WIDE RUINS. THESE ARE THE COLONISTS OF THE GALAXY AND THEY'VE CREATED A NEW AND DANGEROUS FRONTIER: THE PIRATE PLANET KNOWN AS **ROGUE WORLD.**

ROGUE WORLD PART 2

KYRA AND **DALAEN** HAVE GONE FROM ONE LAWLESS PLANET TO ANOTHER IN AN ENDEAVOR TO FIND THEIR THREE ATTACKERS. USING MONIES OBTAINED THROUGH THE SALVAGE OF THE ALIEN STARSHIP, THEY HAD BEGUN THEIR FRANTIC SEARCH FOR REVENGE. BUT IN SO DOING, EACH HAD GIVEN UP AN IMPORTANT ELEMENT OF THEMSELVES. **DALAEN** HAD ABANDONED HIS AMBASSADORIAL DUTIES, AND **KYRA** HAD RELENQUISHED THE SAFETY AND COMFORT OF HOME AND FAMILY. THE ONLY COMMODITIES THEY HAD RETAINED WERE THE CRYSTALINE PYRAMID AND THEIR THIRST FOR REVENGE. THEIR SEARCH HAS LED THEM HERE.

THE TWO **PIRATE-HUNTERS** HAVE FREQUENTED THE DECADENT SPACEPORT CITY TAVERNS FOR SEVERAL WEEKS TO NO AVAIL, UNTIL ON ONE PARTICULAR DAY THEY FIND **SKUL**, THE LEADER OF THE PIRATE TRIO. HE SITS STEEPED AND SMUG IN THE SECURITY OF HIS NARCOTIC BEVERAGE, UNAWARE THAT TWO PAIRS OF BURNING EYES WATCH HIM FROM A DARK CORNER OF THE ROOM.

FOR SEVERAL DAYS THEY HAVE OBSERVED HIM, AND HAVING DISCERNED A PATTERN IN HIS DAILY ROUTINE, THEY PREPARE TO INITIATE THEIR **PLAN.**

SKUL RISES, DONS HIS CLOAK, AND EXITS INTO THE DECAYING STREETS, WHERE HE IS CONFRONTED BY **KYRA** IN HER SKIMPY LEATHER ATTIRE.

INTERESTED IN SOMETHING **MORE** THAN DRINK THIS DAY?

WELL, WELL... I COULD...

OOP!

SKUL AWAKENS TO FIND HIMSELF **CHAINED** TO THE WALL OF A DINGY ROOM FACING THE GIRL WHO HAD CONFRONTED HIM EARLIER.

WHO THE HELL **ARE** YOU?! I HAVE DONE NOTHING...

DON'T YOU **REMEMBER** US? OBVIOUSLY YOUR MEMORY IS AS SMALL AS YOUR INTELLIGENCE. **WHERE** ARE YOUR TWO **ACCOMPLICES?**

SILENCE WILL GET YOU NOWHERE. **DALAEN...!**

TALK, YOU MISCREAT!

ALRIGHT... DON'T HIT ME AGAIN. I'LL TELL YOU. THEY'RE ON A MINING RUN IN THE RUINS OF THE FIFTH TIER... I... **UHHHHHLL...**

DEAD.

*TRACES OF **DYANIDE** IN SKUL'S MOUTH REVEALED THE CAUSE OF HIS DEATH. NOT WANTING TO FACE TORTURE, HE HAD TAKEN THE COWARD'S WAY OUT. KYRA WAS ONLY SORRY THAT HE HAD DIED WITHOUT **PAIN**-- BUT HE **HAD** DOUBLE-CROSSED HIS COMPANIONS WITH HIS DYING BREATH. THE NEXT DAY, **KYRA** AND **DALAEN** TREK TO THE RUINS: A DANGEROUS PLACE, INHABITED BY SCAVENGERS AND PIRATES, EACH SEEKING THE TREASURE OF A LOST CIVILIZATION.*

WE ARE NEARLY THERE.

LOOK... WHAT'S THAT OVER THERE?

IT *HAS* TO BE THEIR CAMP, BUT THERE'S NOBODY HERE.

LOGICALLY, SINCE THEY AREN'T HERE, THEY MUST BE...

...DOWN THERE.

CAUTIOUSLY, THE PAIR WALK THROUGH THE EERILY-LIT SHAFT UNTIL IT WIDENS INTO AN IMMENSE CHAMBER, WHERE THEY FIND..

LOOK AT *THAT!* IT'S FANTASTIC! WHAT DOES THE WRITING SAY, DALAEN?

IT'S HARD TO DISCERN, BUT I *THINK* I CAN READ IT.

IT SAYS... "*TRAVION*".

THE CHAMBER NARROWS TO ANOTHER TUNNEL WHICH AGAIN RAPIDLY WIDENS OUT TO REVEAL...

SENSING THE INTRUDERS, THE PIRATES CEASE PROBING THE **ENERGY FIELD** AND DRAW THEIR WEAPONS.

BEFORE FIRING HIS HAND WEAPON, **DALAEN** DROPS HIS BACK PACK, SPILLING ITS CONTENTS TO THE CAVERN'S ROCK FLOOR.

WITHOUT A THOUGHT, **DALAEN** FLICKS A THIN BEAM OF VIBRANT ENERGY FROM HIS PISTOL THAT MELTS THE MALE PIRATE'S CHEST.

AS THE FEMALE RETURNS FIRE, HER BLAST NEARLY DESTROYS THE GLOWING **PYRAMID**, WHICH THEN BEGINS TO **WAVER** AND **PULSATE**.

BZZZZT

WITH THE ACRID STENCH OF SMOULDERING FLESH FILLING THE CHAMBER, **DALAEN** AND **KYRA** APPROACH THE TWO CHARRED BODIES. SMILES OF **INSANE** SATISFACTION SPREAD ACROSS THEIR FACES.

INEXPLICABLY, **HER** WEAPON CEASES TO FUNCTION...

CLICK CLICK

LOOKING UP FROM HIS HANDIWORK, DALAEN NOTICES A STRANGE, GLOWING **APERTURE** IN THE CAVE WALL. RETRIEVING THE STILL-GLOWING CRYSTALINE PYRAMID, HE PLACES IT **NEAR** THE OPENING.

THE CRYSTAL FAIRLY **LEAPS** INTO THE ORIFICE AND THEY MATE PERFECTLY.

INSTANTANEOUSLY, THE ENERGY FIELD **AND** ITS 'KEY' BOTH DISSOLVE.

SSSST

"AT LAST WE HAVE BEEN **LIBERATED!** THE CONVERSION OF THE GALAXY MAY NOW PROCEED...

"...**UNCONTESTED!**"

"BUT WHAT OF **THESE** TWO?"

"FOR THE SERVICES THEY HAVE RENDERED, THEIR LIVES WILL BE SPARED.

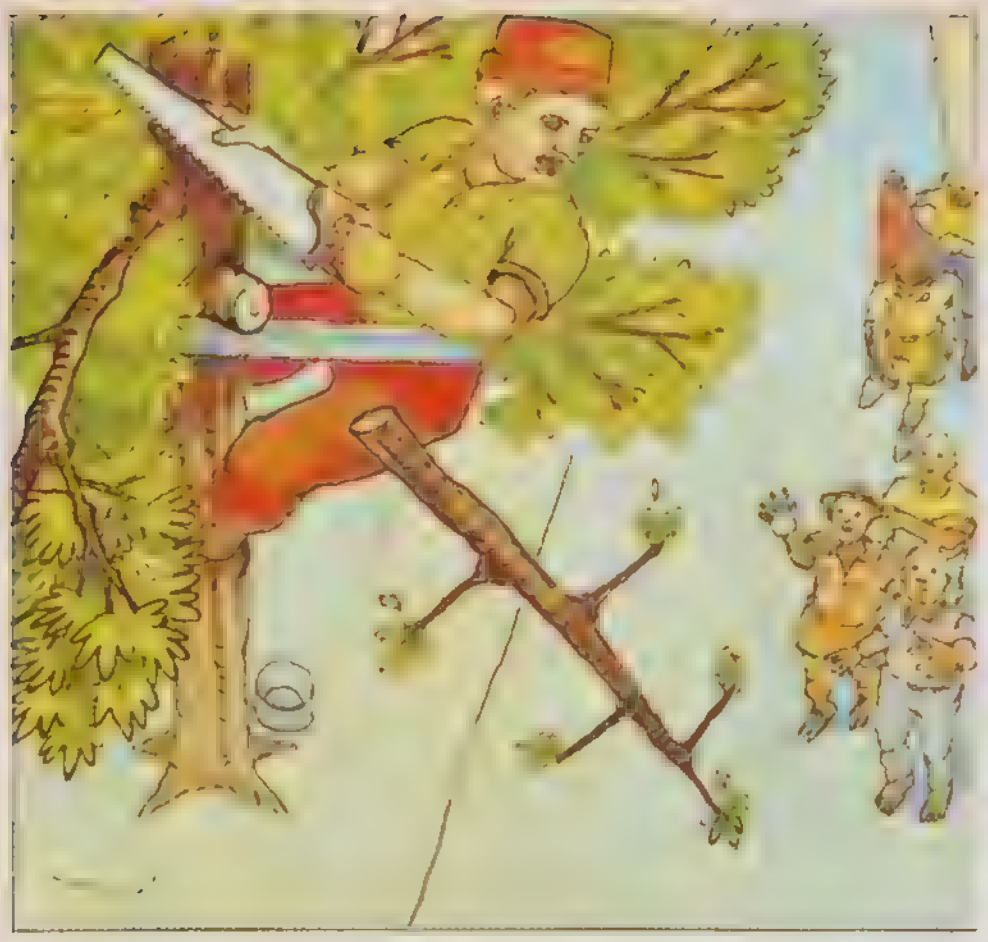
"BESIDES, THE **EVIL** OF THEIR **REVENGE** HAS ALREADY EARNED THEM A NICHE IN THE 'NEW WAY.'"

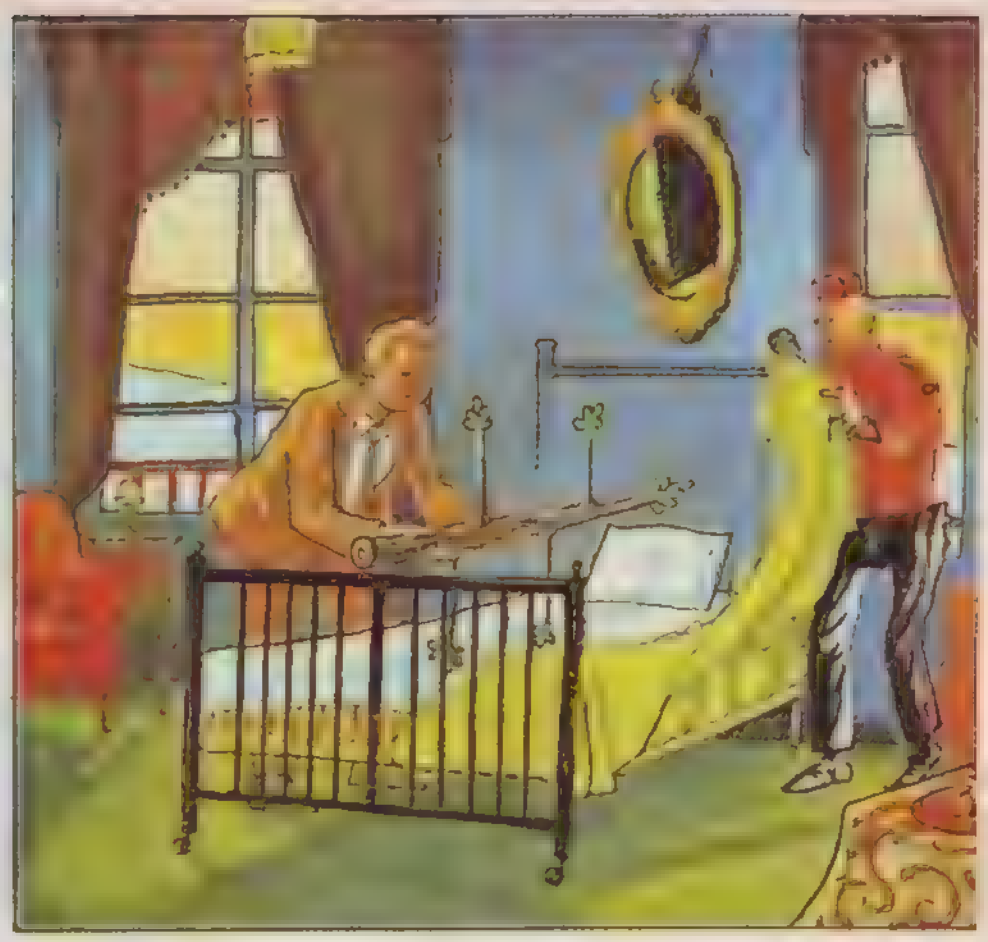
THE EVIL PLANET CALLED **ROGUE WORLD** WOULD VERY SOON BECOME THE CAPITOL FOR THE NEW ORDER OF THINGS!

END.

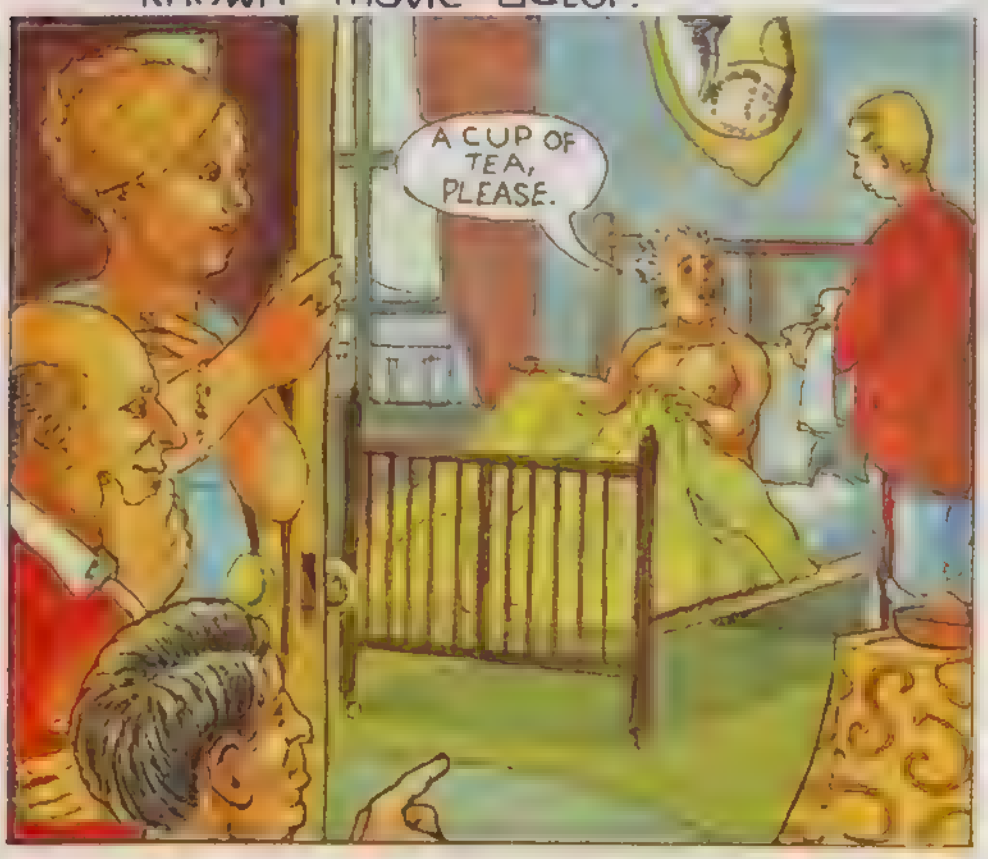
© BOBB

The arrival of a guest from another solar system will long go unnoticed.

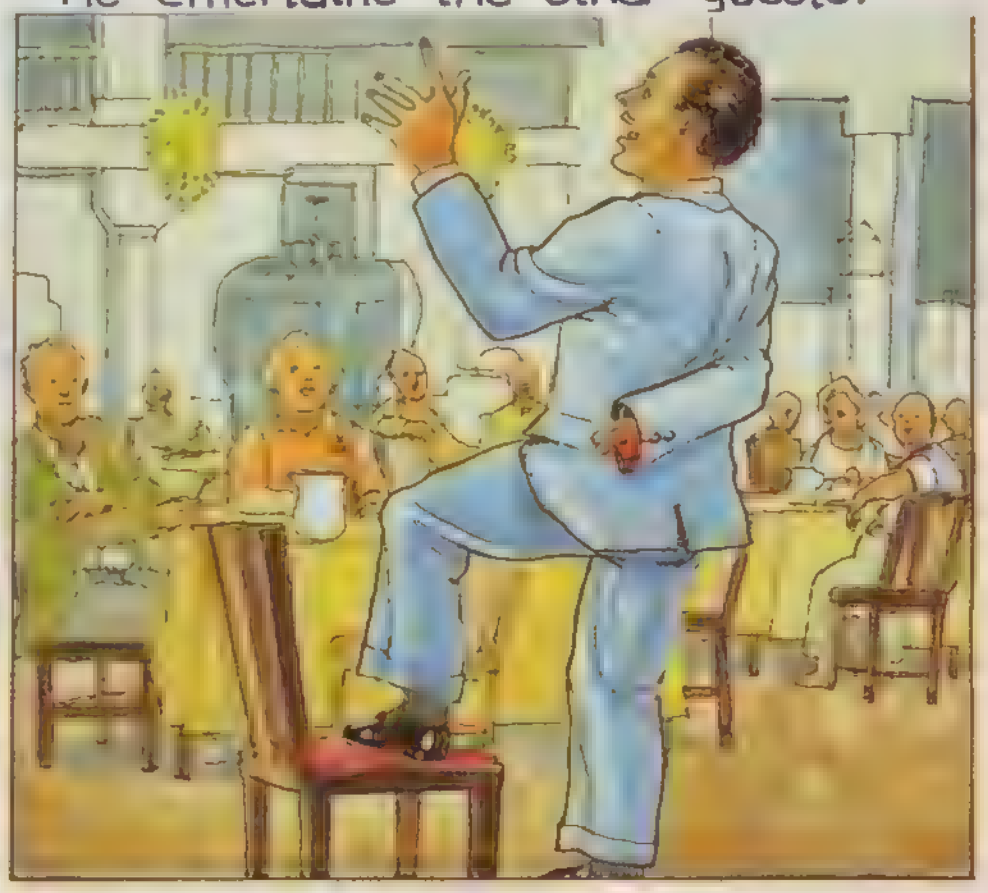




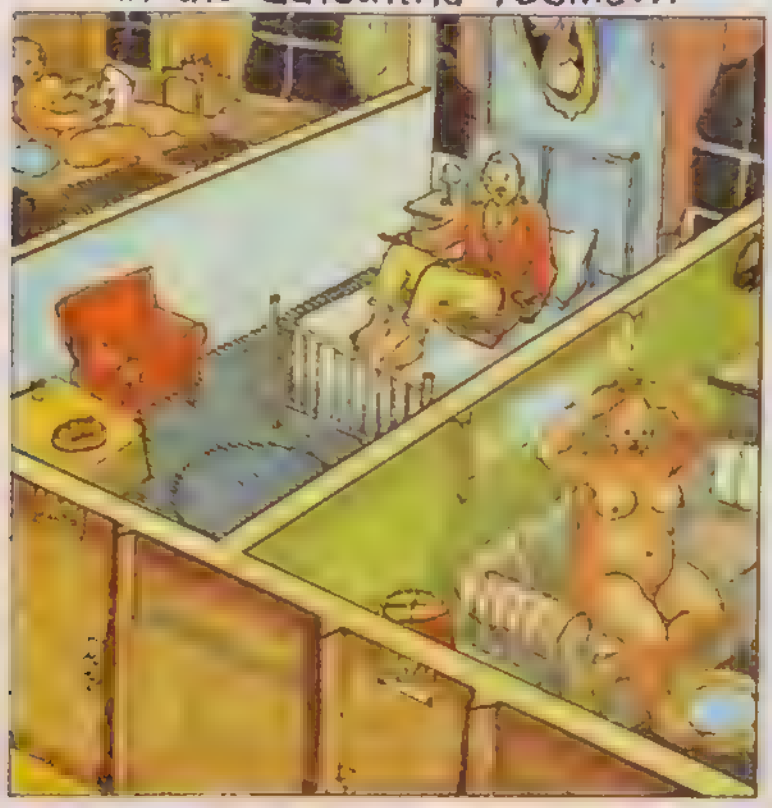
By morning, the false bough is a well known movie actor.



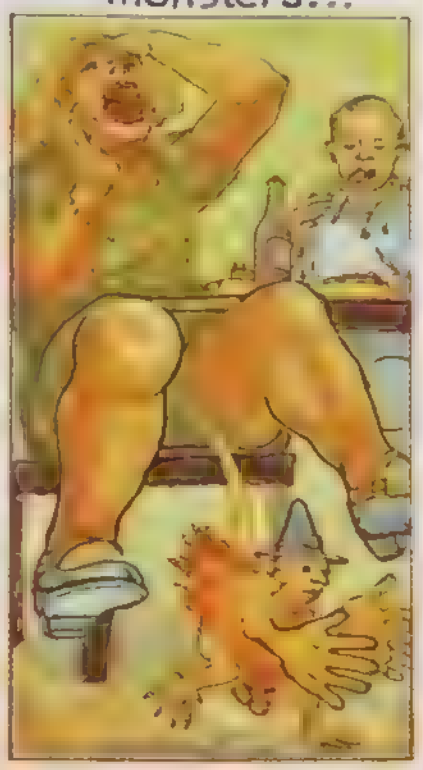
He entertains the other guests.



The mere proximity of his person causes the impregnation of women in the adjoining rooms...



resulting (after 24 hours) in a brood of monsters...



which despite the women's pleas, he insists upon destroying.

He must eventually be approached for the payment of his room and board.

He claims that he does not understand.

and is suddenly beyond reproach.

Any slight adjustment of its position causes a violent change in its form.

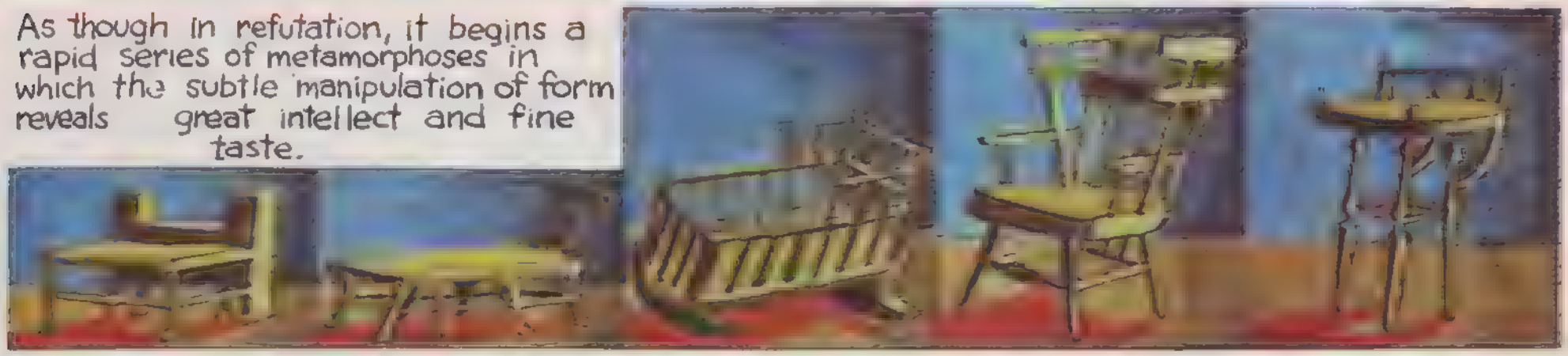
There is a lack of screws and glue.

Yet, it is because of the lurid shadow it cast that no furniture dealer will have it.

A local undertaker maintains that the guest has already died and that what we are witnessing are no more than aspects of its corpse.

An effect similar to that of the sun revealing various portions of the moon's surface, only here of a more complex nature owing to the interstellar relationship involved. 'An unfortunate side-effect of such long distance travel,' he says.

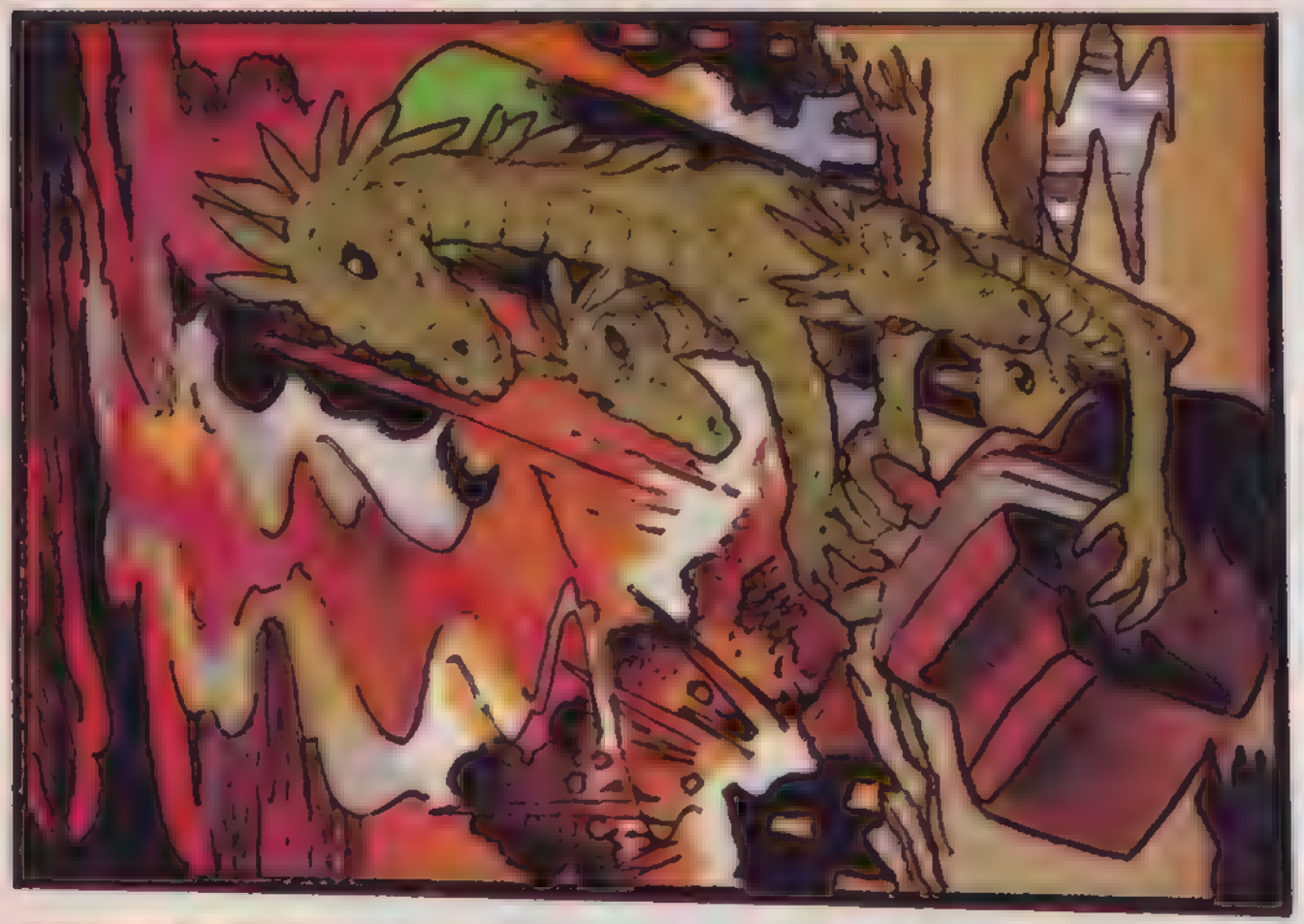
As though in refutation, it begins a rapid series of metamorphoses in which the subtle manipulation of form reveals great intellect and fine taste.

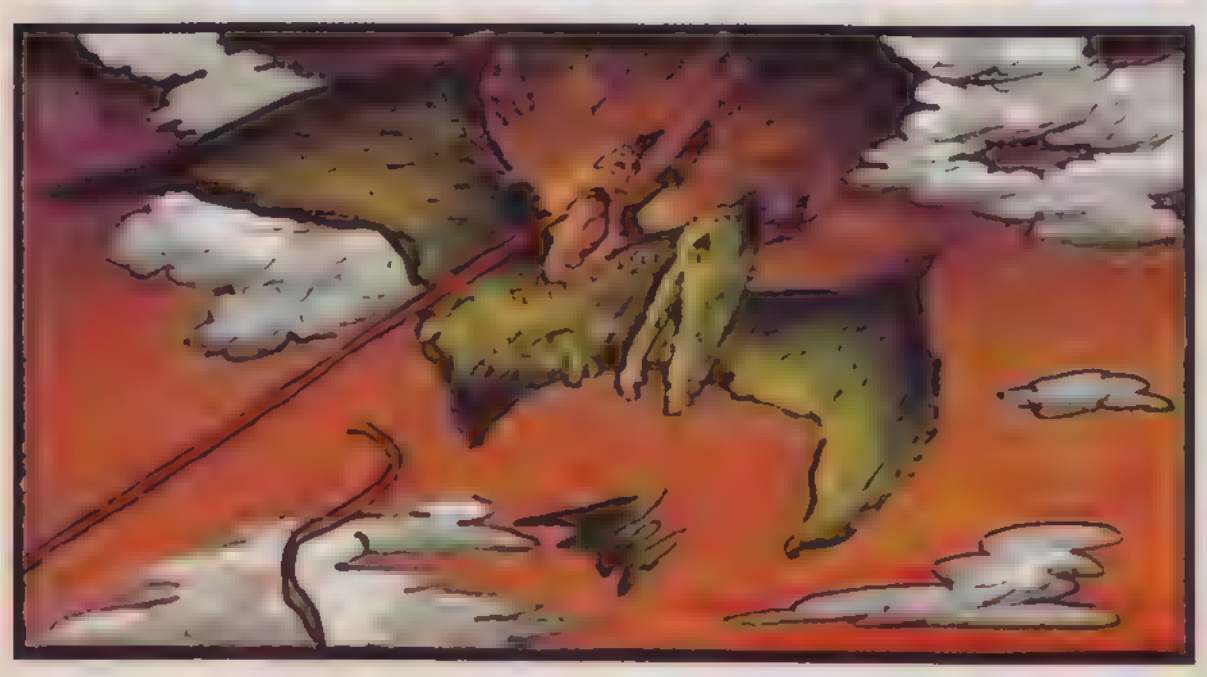


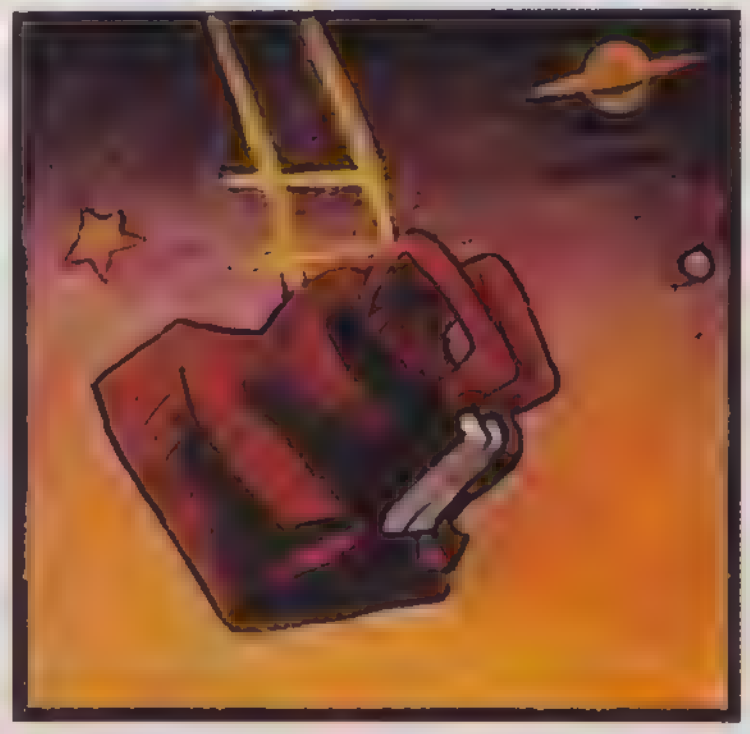
Over night, a table cloth materializes. On this fabric is embroidered, in the terms of advanced physics, an explanation.

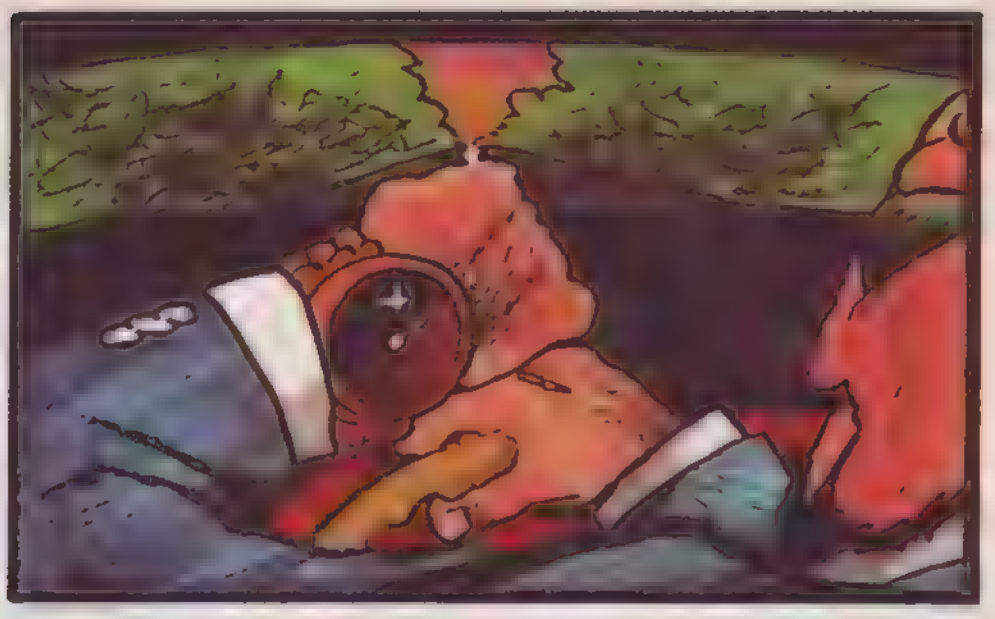
UN BANDE DESSINÉE DU JEFF GOODMAN ET NED SONNTAG

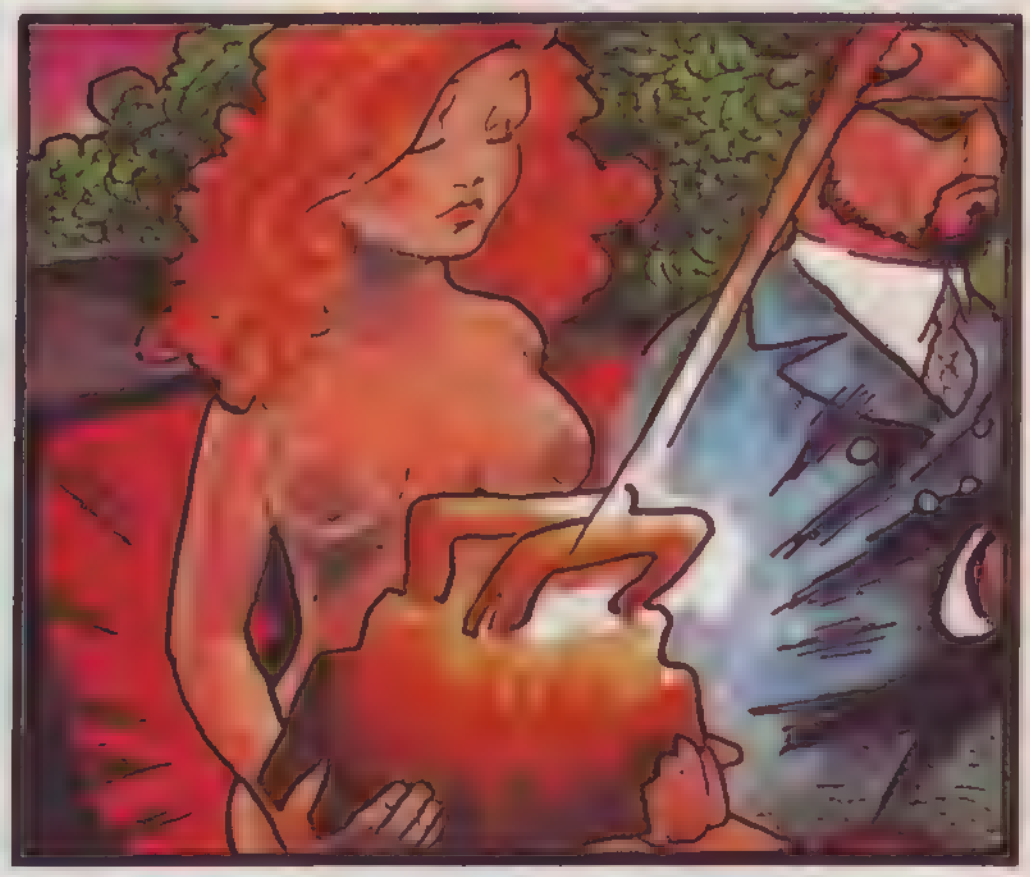
LE VALISE

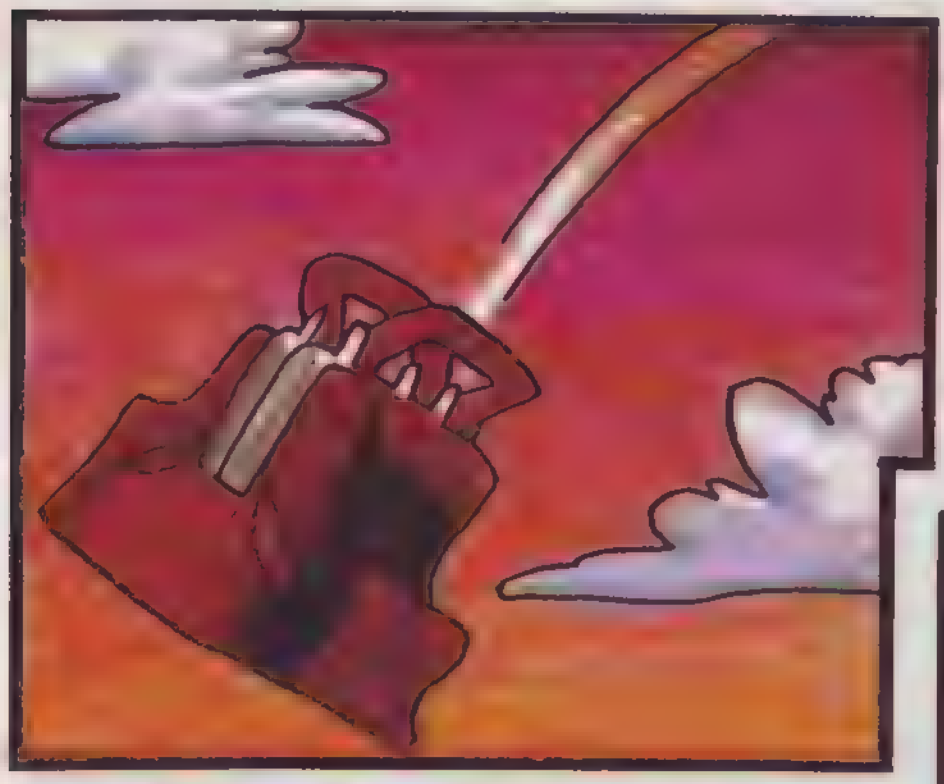


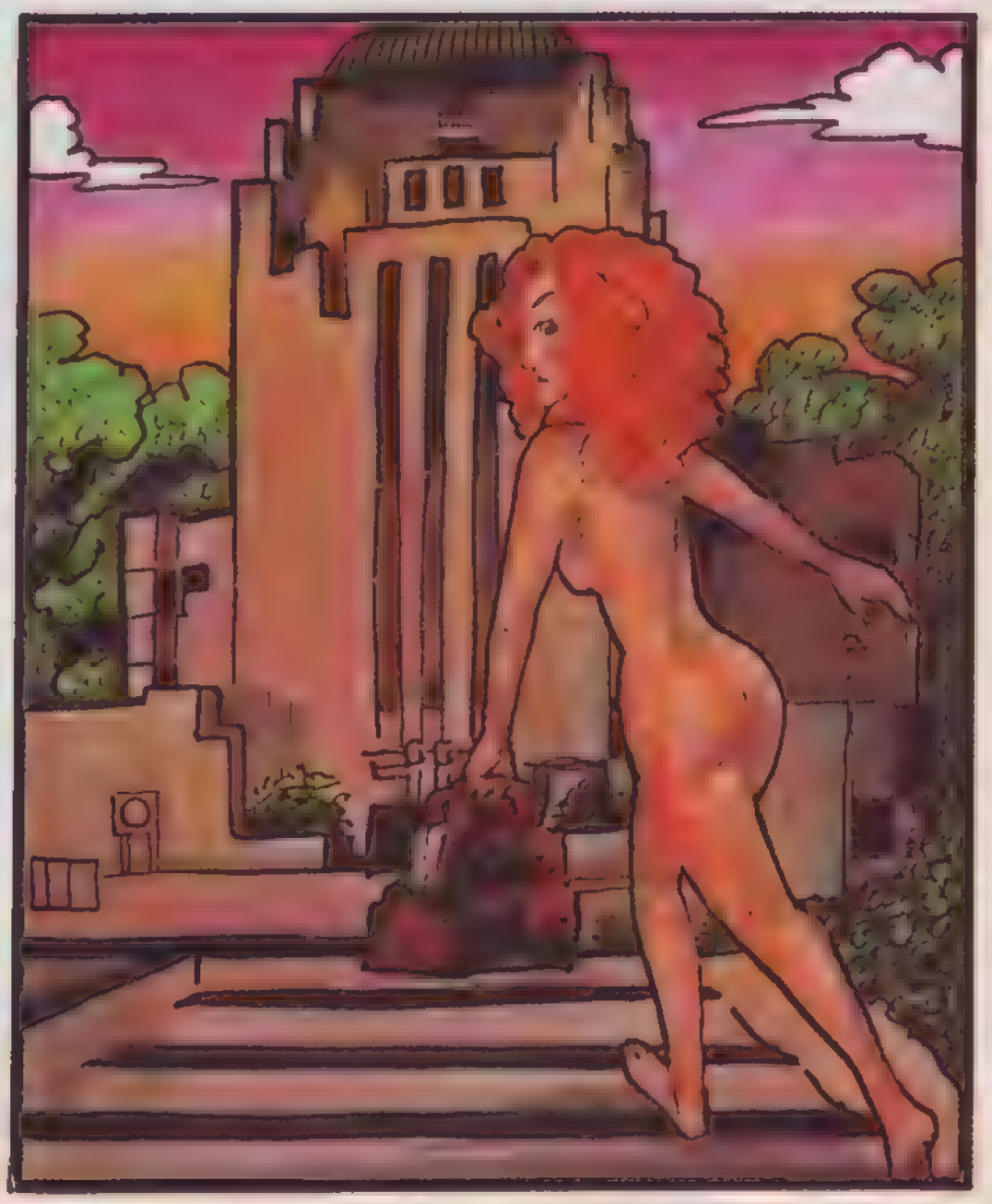


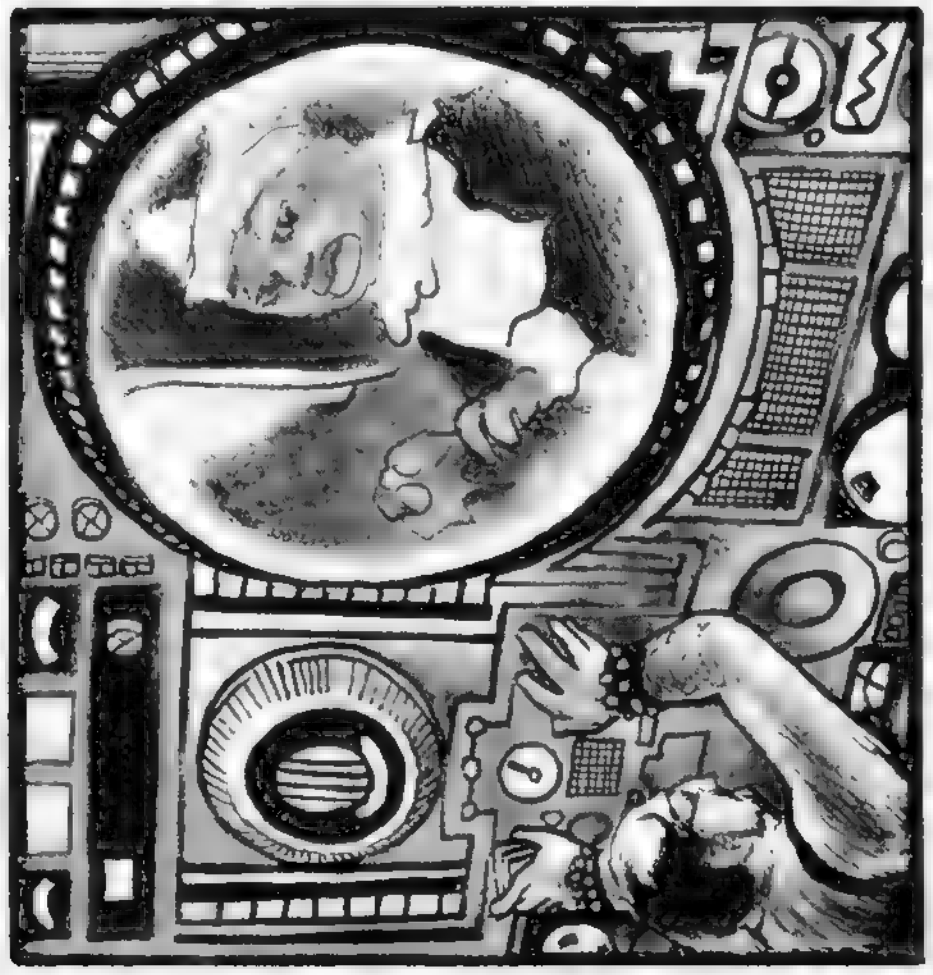


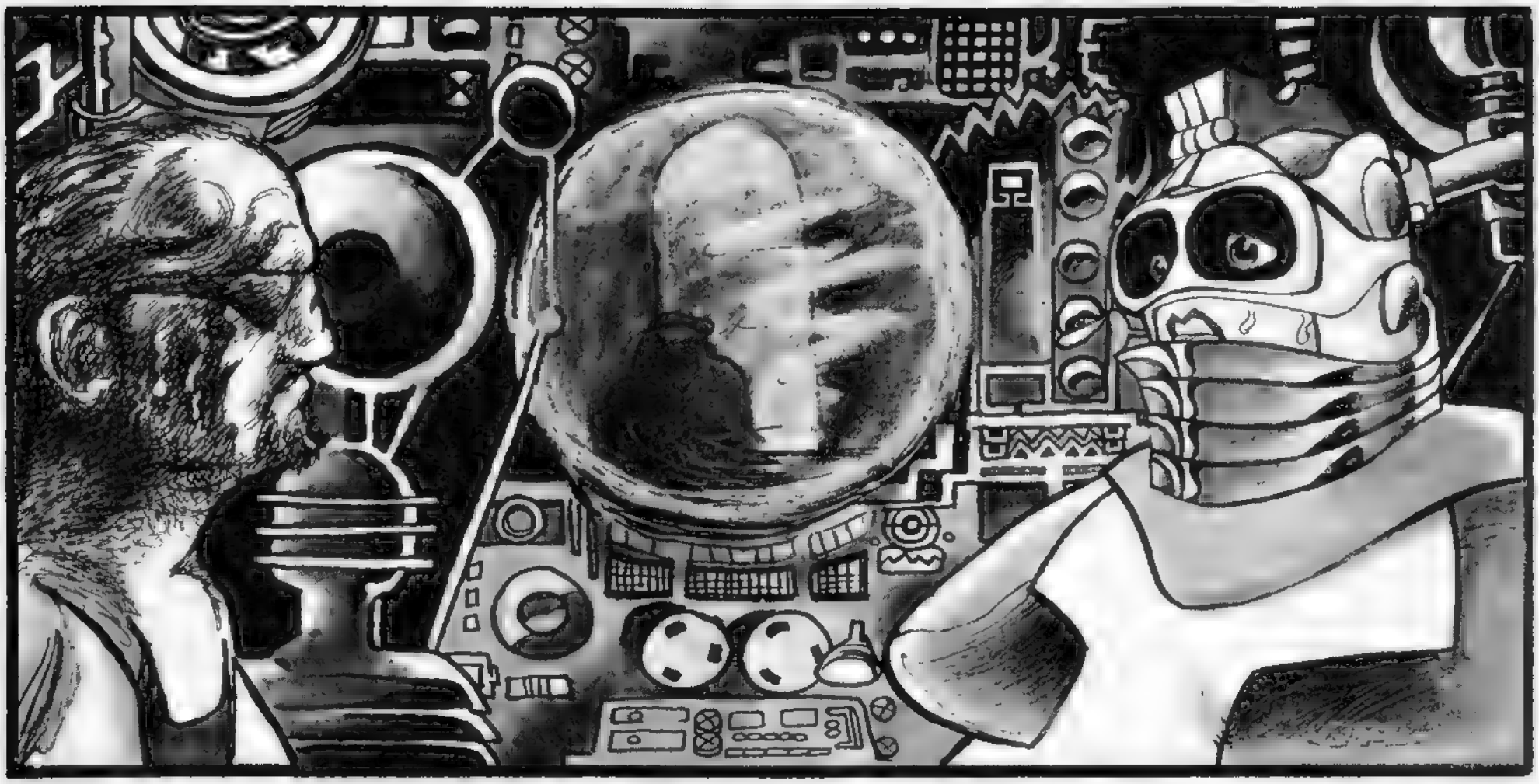


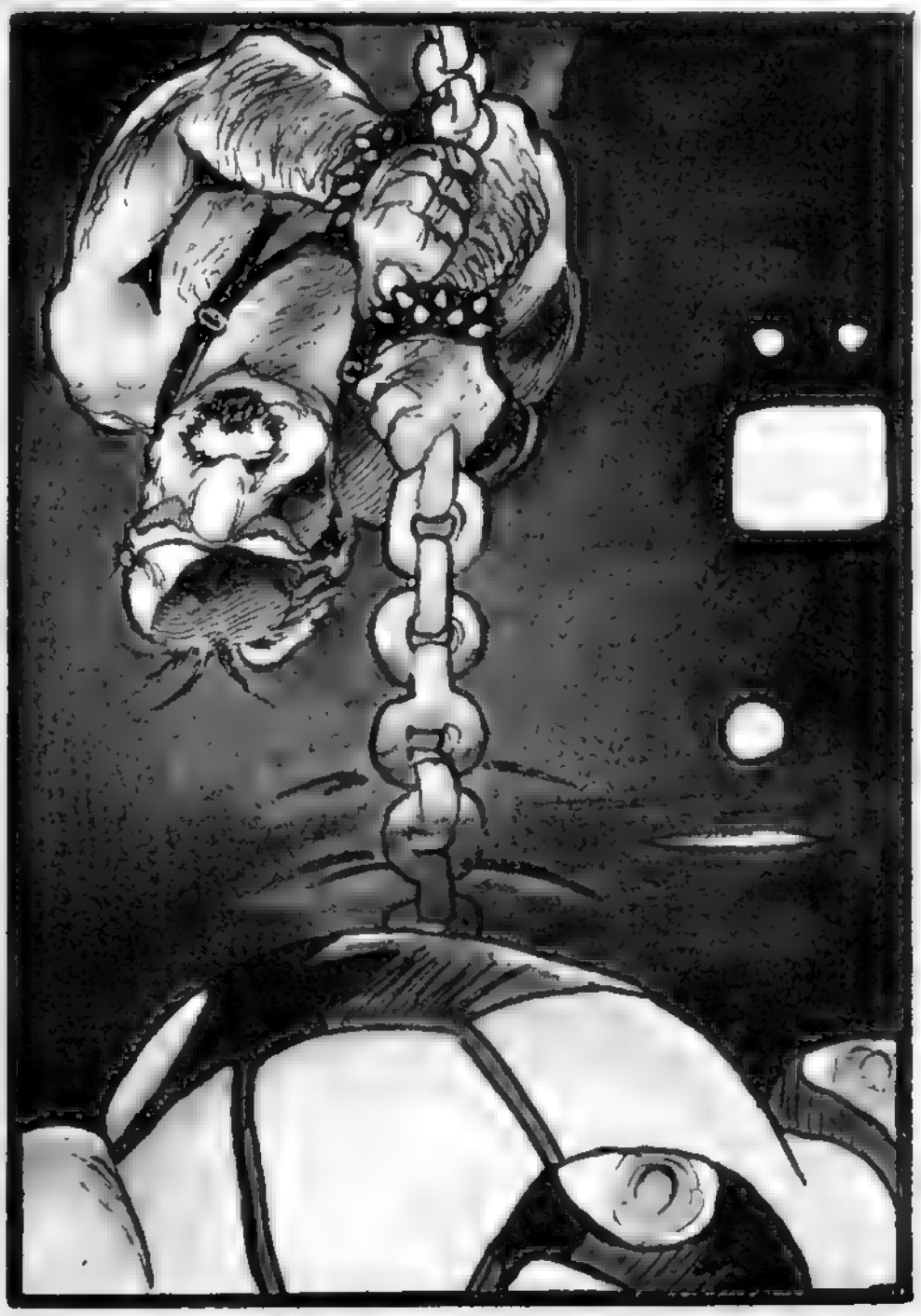


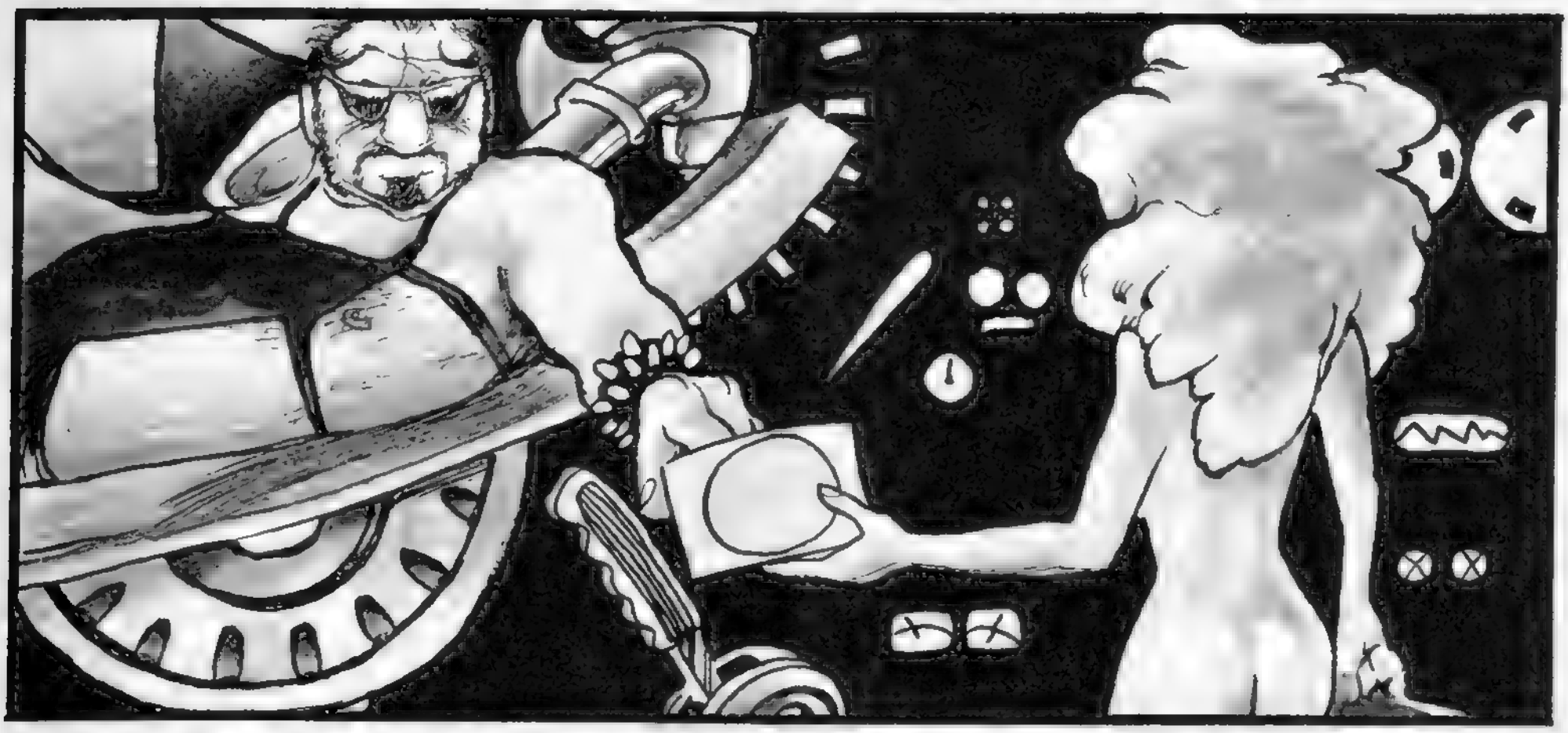












FIN

WERNER PICTURES PRESENTS

GIRL NAMED SEXX

IN HOT 3-D

A WERNER COMMUNICATIONS INTERPLANETARY COMPANY

"GIRL NAMED SEXX"--GEEZ, NOW--THERE WAS A TRULY Z-GRADE CRUD FLICK!

HEH!

IT WAS MADE BACK IN AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER OF 2013--A 22-DAY SHOOTING SKED!

BUDGET ON THE THING WAS A SICK *8 MILLION BUCKOS!*

8 MILLION DOLLARS--AND *22 DAYS TO SHOOT!* THAT MEANS A *QUICKIE MESS*, THAT *NOBODY'S* GONNA SEE 'CEPT A FEW HORNY ARMY GUYS ON MARS --HUH?

BUT... IT RAKED IN OVER *400 MILLION* HERE IN NORAMERIKA, *ALONE!*

AND WHY DO I *CARE?*

HEH!

WE-E-LL, I'M THE "*GIRL NAMED SEXX.*" I'M *THE ONE, THE ONLY...*

JOHN WORKMAN·77

...THE ORIGINAL BELLE BALDWIN

ALL THOSE BIG BUCKS FROM SUCH A *ROTTEN MOVIE*...AND NO ONE COULD FIGURE ANY LOGICAL *REASON!*

"THEN IT *HIT* THEM--'GIRL NAMED SEXX' STARRED LITTLE OL' *ME!*

"SO THEY PUT ME IN *ANOTHER* MOVIE--"*THE 38 INCHES!*' IT WAS EVEN *WORSE*...

"...BUT...

"...IT MADE EVEN *MORE MONEY!*

"SO THERE I WAS--THE *DARLING* OF THE ENTIRE *SOLAR SYSTEM!* I *MADE*--AND *SPENT* MORE MONEY THAN I KNEW EXISTED!

"BUT THE BIG PRODUCERS WERE *SCARED.* WHAT IF I GOT *MAD* AND WENT TO *ANOTHER STUDIO?* OR I MIGHT *RETIRE --OR DIE!* I WOULD CEASE TO BE *YOUNG* AND *PRETTY* ONE DAY, TOO! SO...

"...THEY SET UP--THE *PROJECT!* I FOUND OUT ABOUT IT THE DAY I WAS *FIRED!*

"THEY HAD *MADE* A *ROBOT BELLE BALDWIN*...

"...A *THING* OF *WIRE* AND *PLASTIC* THAT WOULD NEVER DISOBEY THEIR WISHES...OR GROW *OLD*... OR *DIE!*"

SO NOW--*BELLE BALDWIN* IS THE NUMBER *ONE* BIG-TIME MOVIE STAR... EVEN WHILE *BELLE BALDWIN* IS OUT OF A *JOB.*

OH, BUT DON'T *FRET.* MY MANAGER HAD A LONG TALK WITH THE MOVIE PRODUCERS AND HE GOT ME SOME *REAL MOVIE WORK!*

ON MONDAY, I START AS...

...*BELLE BALDWIN'S STAND-IN!*

END

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As reviewed by Howard Smith & Brian VanderHorst
in the Village Voice of January 3, 1977

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GLASS HEAD

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Gentlemen: Please send me (check one or more):

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- ☐ **Glass Head Bong** **$13.00**

Enclosed is my check or money order for (please add 75¢ per item to cover a portion of the postage and handling charges) $ _____

If I am not satisfied for any reason, I will simply send back the unused portion and you will send me a complete refund immediately.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____

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